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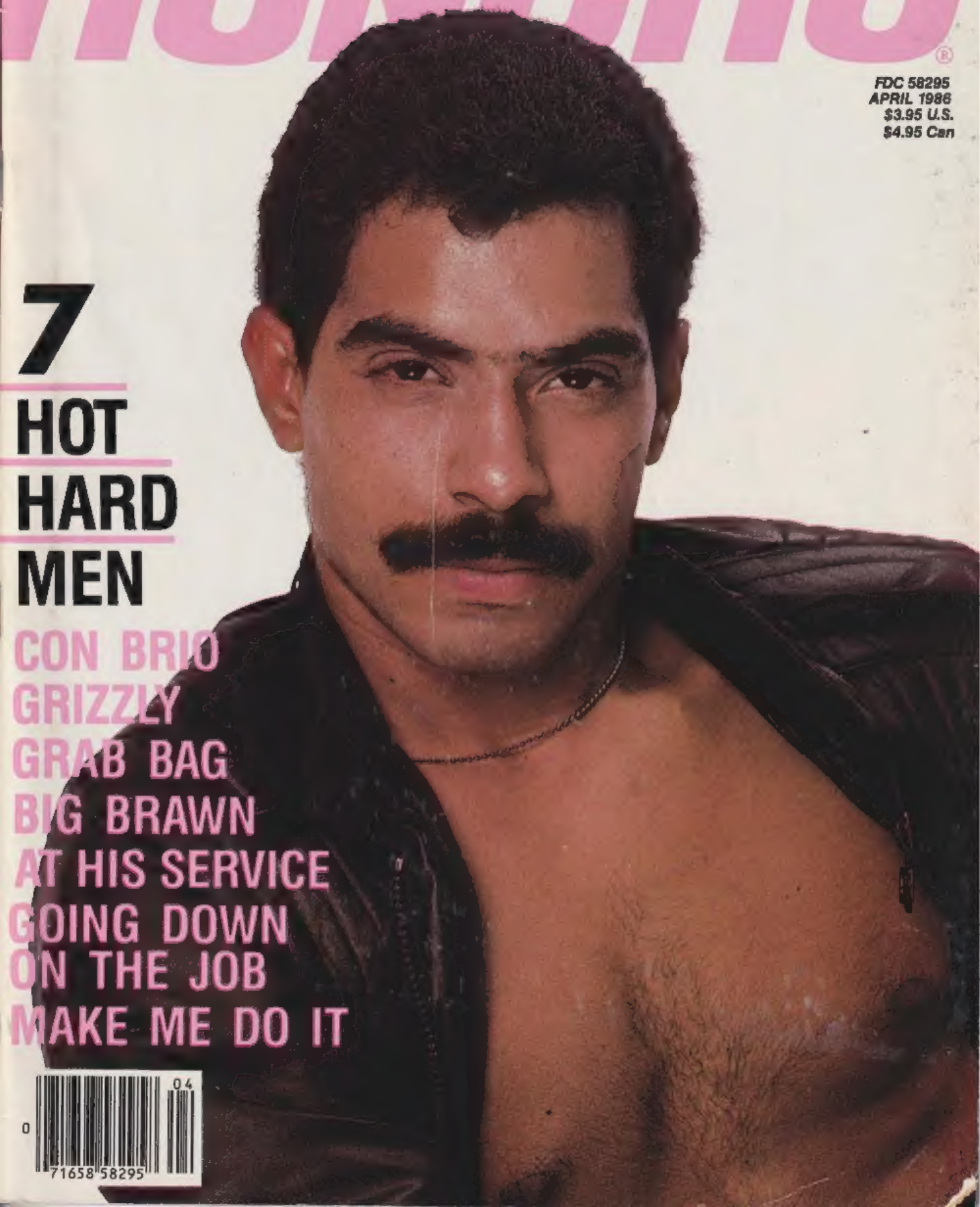

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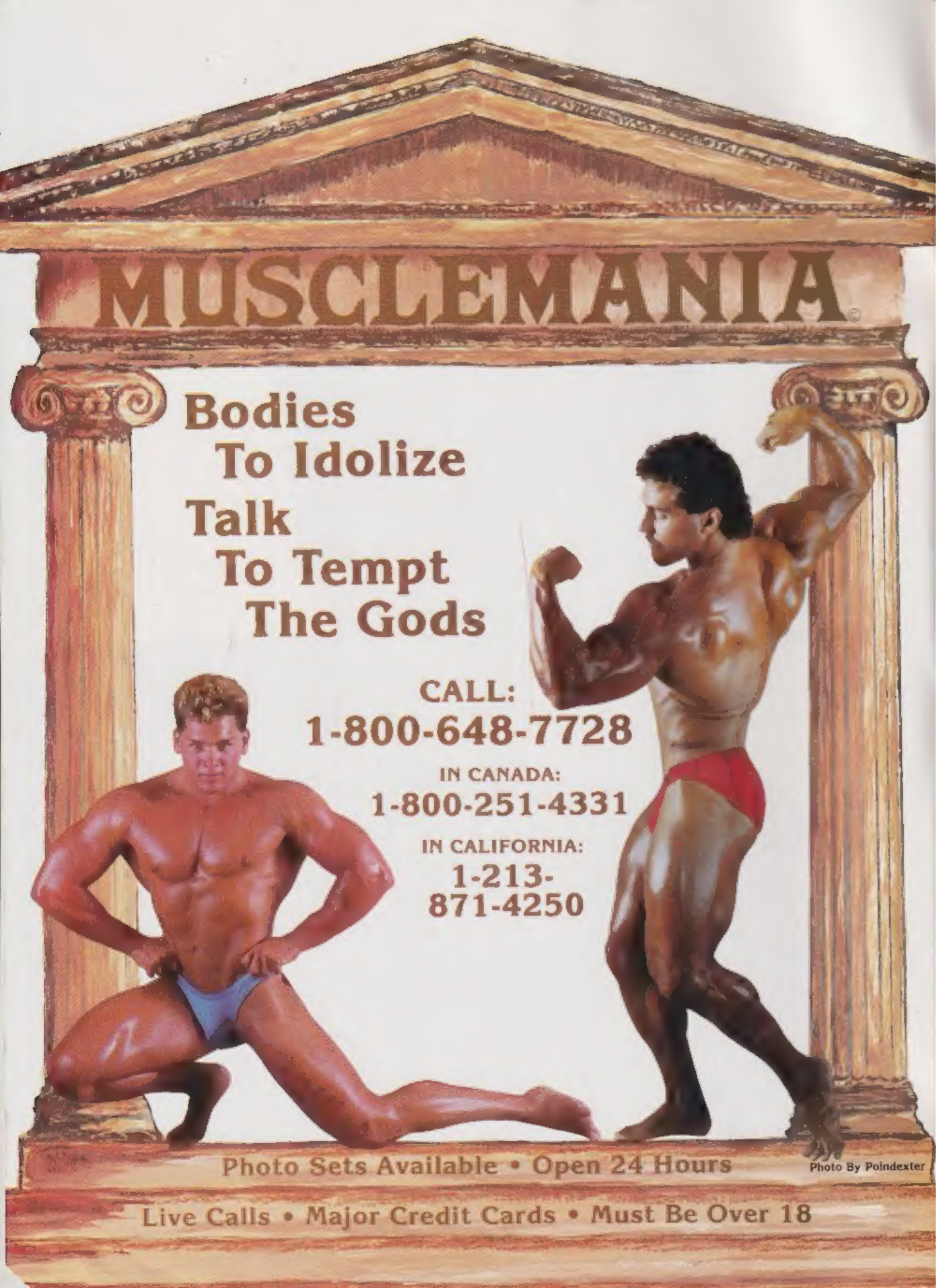
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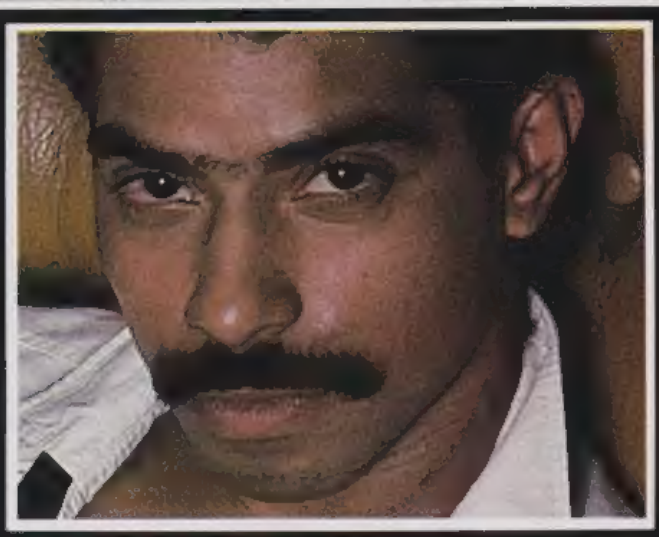

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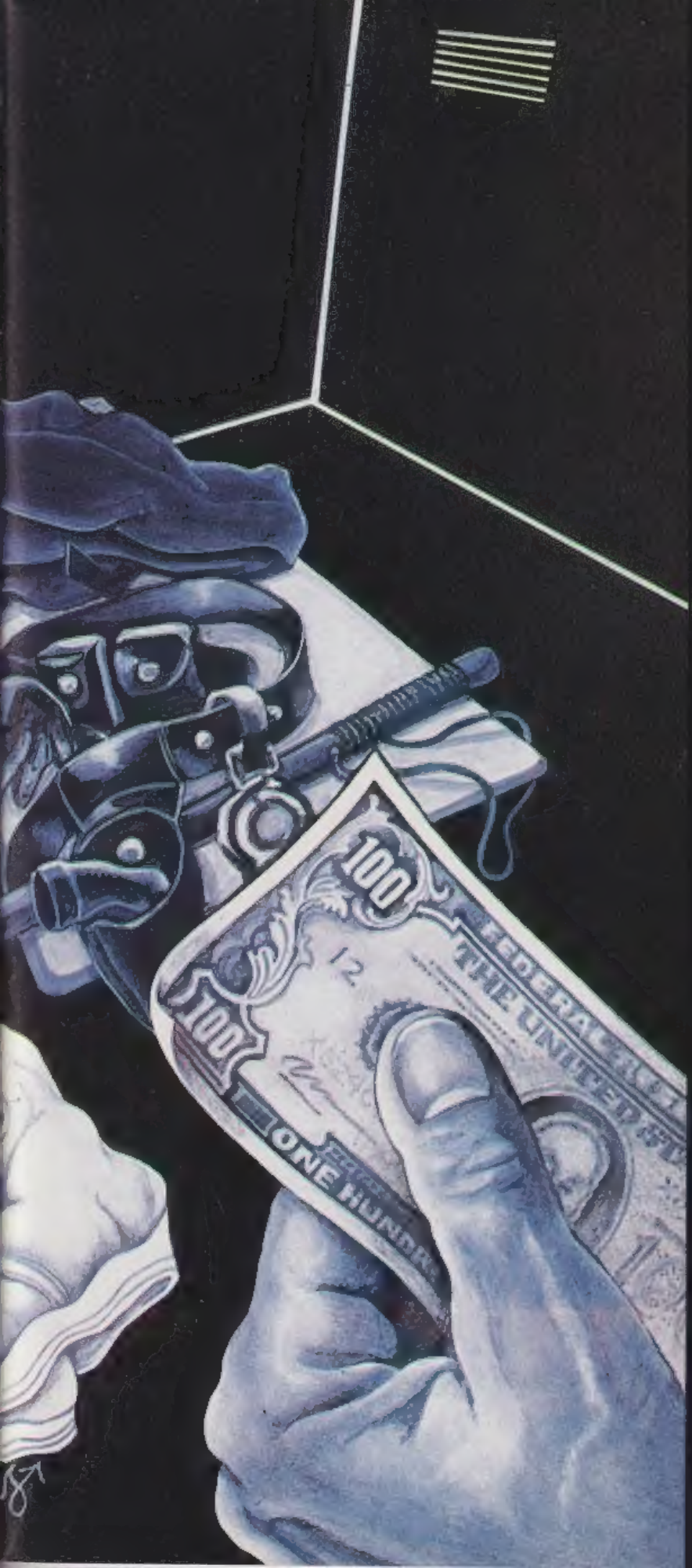

COPS NEVER CRY

BY JOEL GILLIS •
ART BY R.A. SHULTZ

You've probably never heard of Howard J. Lefko.

He worked at Mesa Studios in the mid-fifties, turning out a number of low-budget westerns with titles such as *Warpath*, *Stagecoach to Danger*, and *Gunman's Holiday*. Later, after some unsuccessful years in Europe, he directed almost half the episodes of the *Frontier Diary* TV series, which ran on one of the networks from 1962 to 1965.

Since I'd always admired the style and energy of Lefko's early westerns, I decided to write a term paper about them for my college class in film appreciation. Somewhat to my surprise, the professor gave me an "A."

"The old guy still lives out near Malibu," Professor Jarvis said. "He'd probably like to read this. After all, he doesn't get much in the way of attention anymore. Why don't you mail him a copy."

Ten days later, I received a note from Mr. Lefko, thanking me for my paper and asking me to drive out to his house for dinner on the following Sunday.

"I like the way you write," the white-haired, elegantly-dressed Lefko said to me as we dined that evening on seafood and salad. "And I like *what* you write as well. How about taking the job I'm going to offer you?"

It seemed that Lefko had decided to start work on his autobiography, and he needed someone to help him research and organize his material. He figured the job would last all summer, and during that time, I could live in the south wing of his large, two-story house overlooking the Pacific Ocean. Lefko may never have been regarded as a major talent in Hollywood, but his skill at real estate investments had long ago earned him the status of multimillionaire. His house, therefore, came equipped with a three-car garage, a swimming pool, a private screening-room, two acres of grounds, and a day-staff consisting of a cook, a gardener, a maid, and a handyman who sometimes doubled as chauffeur.

Needless to say, I accepted the job without hesitation.

Lefko proved to be an easy person to work with, though our relationship remained strictly professional. For an hour or so each morning, we'd go over some of the material he wanted to include in his book. In the afternoon, I'd revise and outline and note the gaps so that Lefko could fill them in later using his own words and expressions. Sometimes I'd drive over to Pacific Film Archives to check on various names and dates.

Lefko occasionally had lunch with me, and several times we watched one of his old movies in the screening room, but during those hours when we weren't actually working together, we tended to stay apart—he in the north wing and I in the south.

It was all very routine and all very ordinary—with one exception. Every evening between 7 p.m. and midnight, a steady stream of uniformed policemen from the L.A.P.D. would arrive singly in squad cars or unmarked vehicles, which they would park out of sight in the space between the gardener's shed and the pool house. Then, using their own keys, they would enter through a side door which led directly into Lefko's wing of the house. After half an hour or so, they'd leave as quietly as they'd come.

Mr. Lefko never mentioned these visits, and I hesitated to bring up the subject. But I began to suspect that some sort of illegal activity might be going on in the house, and for my own protection, I decided to investigate.

While I'd not yet been in the north wing of the house, it seemed to follow the same general floor plan as the wing in which I was staying. Putting this knowledge together with my observations of the policemen's entrances and exits, I decided that Lefko received his uniformed visitors in a ground-floor study which had only one window. Since the curtains were always closed in the evening, I had no way of seeing inside.

One night, however, after Mr. Lefko had gone out to a business meeting and after the servants had made their usual 5 p.m. departures, I discovered that by entering a small linen closet located next to the study, I could stand on a chair and look through a ventilation grill placed between the two rooms near the ceiling.

Two nights later, around 10:45, I noticed a policeman pulling his squad car into the usual spot. Without giving myself a chance to consider the risks, I raced out of my room on stocking feet and headed down the darkened stairs toward the north wing of the house. As I entered it, I could hear the policeman's footsteps along the garden walk, and as I slipped into the inky interior of the closet, I could hear his key turning in the lock. Above my head, the ventilation grill glowed dimly with light from the study.

Above the thumping of my heart, I heard the policeman walk past the closet and then pause at the door to Lefko's study. He knocked. The door opened and then closed. Above me, a murmur of voices drifted through the ventilation grill. With as much caution as I could muster, I stepped up on a chair and looked through the grill into the room beyond.

Mr. Lefko, in suit and tie, was sitting behind a large wooden desk. Before him stood a tall, dark-haired policeman, about 30 years old, who had on the patrol uniform of an L.A.P.D. officer. He started to say something. I leaned closer to the grill.

"...on the fuckin' late shift, so I don't have much time," he said to Mr. Lefko. "It's a damn good thing for both of us I can come quick when I want to."

Word spread through the L.A.P.D. like a brush fire: There was an old movie mogul who would pay any hot cop on the force big money just to jack off in his drawers.

The policeman sat down on a wooden bench near the door and began to unlace his shoes.

"Where is Sgt. Brown?" Mr. Lefko asked.

"That motherfucker had to go to San Diego for a few days," the policeman replied, "but he said he'd drop by here on Friday, after he gets off work."

Mr. Lefko nodded.

The barefoot policeman removed his gun belt and placed it next to him on the bench. Then, to my amazement, he stood up, unzipped his fly, and let his trousers drop to the floor.

"Saw one of your old movies on the Late Show last week," the cop said, tossing his trousers onto the bench.

"*Gunman's Holiday* or *Comanche Captive*?" Lefko asked. "They were both on."

"*Comanche Captive*," the cop said. "The one with Rusty Harper."

Lefko nodded.

The policeman casually stepped out of his white cotton briefs so that I now found myself staring directly at his sex organs, which were large, well-formed, and topped by a lush growth of black pubic hair. I nearly fell off my perch, but neither the policeman nor Mr. Lefko seemed embarrassed by the display. Apparently it was quite routine.

"Is that fucker still alive?" the cop asked, rubbing his genitals with his discarded briefs. "Harper, I mean."

"Yes," Lefko replied. "Rusty lives in Woodland Hills. He's retired now, but still keeps fit."

"That's good," the cop said, tugging on his rising organ.

"Aren't you going to take your shirt off?"

The policeman shook his head. "Don't have time."

"Then I'll have to reduce your pay. You know the rules."

"But you already know what my goddamned chest looks like."

"Yes, and it's very attractive, too, but then most policemen have attractive chests."

The cop sighed and tossed his briefs onto the corner of Lefko's desk. Then he pulled off his clip-on necktie and unbuttoned the front of his uniform shirt. Moments later, both these articles of clothing lay atop the other items already stacked on the wooden bench.

Lefko had been right about the policeman's chest. It was attractive—broad through the shoulders, narrow at the waist, glimmering with sweat, and covered with a patch of shiny black hair which formed an oval between the nipples. A smaller patch of hair clustered around the cop's deeply-sunk navel.

"I liked the part where those motherfuckin' Indians took Rusty Harper into their tribe," the cop resumed, once more wrapping his briefs around his organ. "Remember? They staked him out on the ground and then dropped those hot coals on his bare skin, just to see if he was brave enough for 'em."

"Yes, I remember. We shot that out in the Mohave. A very effective scene."

"Sure was," the cop agreed, still jerking on his dick. "Got me harder than a pipe."

"About as hard as you are now?"

The officer pulled the briefs away from his cock, which now jutted up and

RAR

[illegible] he grew [illegible]

"Yeah, this hard," the officer said, glancing down at his crotch. "In fact, almost played a tune on my stiff [illegible] just watching that scene."

The policeman chuckled and once more began to masturbate into his briefs. I leaned still closer to the grill, so close I could hear the officer's heavy breathing and see the drops of perspiration glistening on his chest hair.

"I liked that sizzling noise," the cop went on, "every time one of those red-hot coals hit Rusty Harper's chest. How did you do that?"

"Just recorded the sound of bacon frying."

The cop nodded and continued to [illegible] on his pecker. By now I could see strands of pre-cum sticking to the cotton cloth of his briefs.

"Too bad you couldn't have shown Harper stark naked instead of just with his shirt off," the cop said. "Then you could have had one of those Indians drop a hot coal smack dab on one of his big hairy balls." The cop chuckled again and tugged even harder on his organ. "Sure would have liked to hear him yell his goddamned head off when he felt his balls being barbequed."

"Genital torture excites you?"

"Sure. Why not. 'Long as it's [illegible] other motherfucker's genitals."

The conversation went on for another minute or two, until it became obvious that the L.A.P.D. officer was approaching climax.

"Here it comes!" he warned, spreading his legs slightly further apart. Then, using his right hand to stroke his shaft while his left hand held his briefs in place, the policeman shot ribbon after ribbon of white-hot sperm all over the outer surface of his undergarment.

"Oh, yeah!" the cop gasped as he continued to pump his meat.

After a prolonged climax punctuated by a score of deep-throated grunts and groans, the policeman finally pulled his briefs away from the tip of his wilting organ. Then he tossed this sticky garment onto one corner of Lefko's desk.

"Damn, didn't know I had so much juice inside my balls," he muttered, trying to catch his breath. His whole body gleamed with sweat.

"Yes, that was a very impressive demonstration of virility, Officer Moody," Mr. Lefko opened his desk drawer. "Here's your money. You've certainly earned it tonight."

I couldn't be sure from my vantage point, but it looked as if Mr. Lefko handed the naked cop a hundred-dollar bill.

[illegible] talking hold of the [illegible] turned around and began to get dressed, minus his briefs.

"Have you found any more of your colleagues who might be interested in supplementing their income?"

"Well, you know I'm always on the look-out for fresh recruits, and I think I might have one for you over in the Hollywood Division. I hear the motherfucker lost his house in that big brush fire just east of here. The goddamned thing wasn't insured, so he's really strapped for cash at the moment."

"Sounds promising."

"Yeah, and he's a real looker, too. Big blond, about 25 years old. Someone who saw him once in the showers said he's hung like a wild stallion, but he's one of these real straight-arrow types, so I'll have to approach him very carefully."

Lefko nodded.

The cop, now dressed, glanced at his watch and said he had to be going. Moments later, I heard him walking down the hallway toward the side door, whistling cheerfully to himself. Meanwhile, Mr. Lefko picked up the officer's cum-soaked briefs and carefully slid them into a large brown envelope, which he proceeded to label with a felt-tipped pen. He then unlocked a nearby file cabinet and dropped the envelope inside.

I crept out of the closet and hurried back to my room. In the distance, I could hear Officer Moody's car heading down the long drive to the main road.

My next meeting with Mr. Lefko passed so uneventfully that it almost seemed as if I'd dreamed the occurrences of the night before. In any case, my initial nervousness at meeting again with my employer soon faded in the face of his calm, polite manner. It was obvious he suspected nothing of my nocturnal invasion of his privacy.

I decided to forget the whole thing. If Mr. Lefko wanted to pay policemen to jack off in their underwear, that was his affair and no one else's. For the next few days, I put in extra time on his book. He seemed quite pleased with our accelerating progress.

The policemen continued to pay their evening visits to Mr.Lefko's study. After a week of struggle curiosity once again got the best of me, and despite my vows to mind my own business.

This time I watched a tall, lanky motorcycle cop with reddish hair and a Southern drawl shoot his wad into the pouch of his well-worn jockstrap.

The following night, I watched a police captain with gray hair at his temples fire his jizm into a wadded up pair of light-blue boxer shorts. Later that same night, I saw a stocky patrolman with a Marine Corps tattoo on his chest spray droplets of semen all over his briefs.

The sight of all these L.A. police officers stripping and masturbating into their underwear proved to be addictive. Despite both my fear of being discovered and my guilt at being such a shameless voyeur, I soon found myself staring through that grill every time a cop paid a visit to the house.

Some came only once. These apparent "first-timers" undressed with awkward self-consciousness under Mr. Lefko's calm gaze, and many of them found it impossible to achieve an erection—let alone produce an ejaculation. Lefko always thanked these men for their time, but he never paid them. That was one of the rules. Those who successfully creamed their underwear, however, were awarded a fee of $500 plus an invitation to return. After the first visit, however, the fee dropped to the standard figure of $100 per discharge.

Most of the cops proved to be "regulars." They dropped by at least once a week, and they stripped and masturbated for Mr. Lefko without the slightest trace of modesty. Apparently some of them had been visiting Lefko's home for two or three years.

I wasn't clear how the scheduling was worked out, but only once did two policemen arrive at the house at the same time. On this occasion, they hesitantly stripped and masturbated

Howard J. Lefko might be finished in the movie business but his personal fantasies still worked overtime. He had graduated from sniffing used cop jockstraps to watching pairs of policemen in action. He enjoyed humiliating a cop and he could always find one who needed the cash.

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side-by-side without touching or looking at each other. I gathered that both men were embarrassed by the situation, but too anxious to earn their money to refuse any opportunity to perform

One of the regulars particularly impressed me. He was the Sgt. Brown, referred to earlier by Officer Moody a tall, broad-shouldered man with light-brown crew-cut hair. He looked about 40 years old but he had a hard, sinewy physique that showed few signs of aging unless you counted the knife scar which ran diagonally down from his neck through his left nipple.

What attracted me most about Sgt. Brown, however, was not his rugged physique or the awesome nightstick which quickly rose up between his legs, but rather the sad, almost bitter look which crossed his face each time he performed for Mr. Lefko. Unlike most of his colleagues, Sgt. Brown apparently hated the humiliation of stripping and masturbating for an audience but forced himself to do so out of a continuing need for extra cash.

One night in mid-August, I discovered how great this need was.

As usual, Sgt. Brown had quickly and silently stripped off his uniform. Then he'd begun to masturbate into his undershorts, using such hard and vigorous strokes that he left dark-red finger marks on the shaft of his cock. After less than 60 seconds, he'd spewed a river of sperm into his shorts.

After tossing his wet shorts onto Lefko's desk, the sergeant leaned forward to accept his $100 fee. Then he cleared his throat and looked directly into the old man's eyes. "I need to raise 2,000 dollars by next Tuesday."

"Oh?" Mr. Lefko's tone was polite but not especially concerned.

"It's my younger brother," the sergeant began. "He needs another operation to—"

Mr. Lefko held up his hand. "I'm sure your story is quite touching, but you know the rules. I don't lend money."

"I know that," the sergeant went on, "but I don't want to borrow the money. I want to earn it, all at once."

Mr. Lefko gave a weary sigh.

"What could you do for me that would be worth 2,000 dollars?"

"Anything you want." When Lefko didn't answer, the sergeant continued his plea. "I've heard there are people who'll pay lots of money to do things to cops. Like pissing in their faces or punching them in the mouth. I'll let you do those things to me, for two grand."

"It seems to me you should be willing to do *more* for that kind of money."

"I am." The sergeant took a deep

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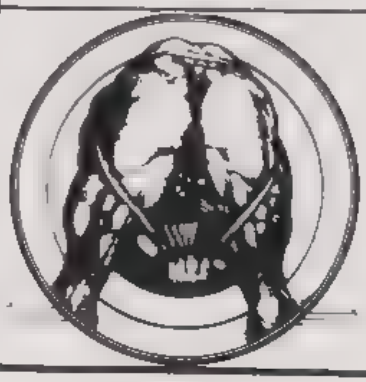


breath "There's a cop I know who once let a man stick needles through his nuts. He got so much money for each needle, providing he didn't scream Well, you can do that to me, too. You can stick needles through my nuts at 100 dollars a needle And I promise not to yell"

Mr. Lefko wrinkled his face in disgust "That sort of thing doesn't interest me, though I do admire your courage But there is something I'd be willing to pay quite handsomely to see. Do you know Officer Moody?"

"Sure. He's the one who introduced me to you."

"Sometimes I find myself thinking what a pair of well-muscled men you are, and then I wonder what it would look like if two such men had sex with each other"

"Had sex?" the sergeant asked, not sure of what he'd heard

"Yes, one of you could perform anal sex on the other. Of course, the fees for the two men would differ The one performing the act would receive only, say, $200, but the other one—the one on whom the act is performed—would be paid something on the order of a thousand dollars."

"A thousand dollars?" the sergeant repeated

"That's right Are you interested? I'm sure I can persuade Officer Moody to take the active role. He's quite highly sexed and he once told me he could perform under any circumstances with any partner he chose."

Sgt Brown slowly shook his head "I'm sorry," he said. "I . . . I can't do anything like that. Not with a a man"

The sergeant began to put his uniform back on Just as he started to leave the room, however, he turned back to Mr Lefko and said' "OK, I'll do it—but only for two thousand

Lefko smiled. "Let's negotiate. I'll pay what you're asking. But you'll have to do it *twice* with Officer Moody on the same night, and I'll have complete authority over any and all aspects of the situation Shall we make it tomorrow night—say, 11 o'clock? Both you and Officer Moody should be off your shifts by then, but I'll call Moody just to make sure."

Sgt Brown hesitated for a moment. Then he nodded his head and left the room

Mr Lefko seemed his usual self on the following morning, but he kept our work sess on shorter than usual, and he asked me not to disturb him for the rest of the day as he had some important business matters to attend to. He then gave me tickets to a sneak preview of the new James Bond movie at the Chinese Theater, and suggested I might like the night off.

I pretended to take Mr. Lefko up on his offer, and after the servants left for the day, I drove off toward the sneak preview in Los Angeles. Shortly after dark, however, I returned by way of a little-used service road. By 10:30, I was ensconced in the closet adjoining Mr. Lefko's study, prepared for a show more exciting than anything James Bond could possibly offer. I was not disappointed.

Officer Moody arrived first. He wore his patrol uniform and didn't immediately take it off as he usually did. Instead, fully clothed, he stood and chatted with Mr Lefko, obviously pleased and excited by what lay ahead

Sgt Brown arrived a few minutes later, also in uniform Unlike his younger colleague, he seemed anything but pleased

"Let's get this thing over with," he muttered, not looking Officer Moody in the face

Moody shrugged and began to undress. Soon, both policemen stood stark naked in front of Lefko's desk, awaiting further instructions from their "director" I noticed that Sgt Brown's dick, which usually rose up firmly between his legs, was hanging like an empty fire hose. Officer Moody's cock stood at half-mast. I could see that Brown was trying, out of the corner of his eye, to catch a quick look at Moody's manhood, to measure the size of the organ which would soon be rammed into his body

"All right, Sergeant," Lefko said, 'stand facing sideways so I can see you in profile. That's right Now bend slightly forward and place your hands on your knees. Good Officer Moody, insert a finger into the sergeant's anus to see if any lubrication will be needed"

"Damn, I never counted on this," the patrolman complained. But he didn't resist the command He wet his right index finger and slid it between the sergeant's ass cheeks. "Where *is* the fuckin' thing? All I feel is hair and—oh, here it is." He pressed his hand forward "He's plenty tight A real cherry Looks like this shithole will need some grease."

Mr Lefko instructed Officer Moody to supply the lubrication himself in the form of his own saliva Moody made a brief show of protests, but soon I saw him squatting down behind the sergeant, spreading apart the sergeant's cheeks with the palms of his hands

"I hope you keep yourself clean," Moody growled to Brown Then he pressed his face between his superior officer's buttocks and began to slurp. I knew I was witnessing a truly remarkable scene. An L.A police patrolman licking the asshole of an L.A. police sergeant

Adam-12 was never like this!

Finally, Mr Lefko cleared his throat. "I think that will do."

With some reluctance, Officer Moody rose to his feet I could see that his pecker had grown fully erect. A strand of clear fluid oozed out of its bright-pink tip. "OK, Sarge," he chuckled "Here comes the main event!"

Moody used one hand to guide his pole between the sergeant's cheeks, so that it pressed directly against his asshole. Then Moody took hold of his partner's bare hips and began to press forward

"Hey, quit fighting it," Moody grunted after nearly a minute of unsuccessful pushing

"You *are* unusually big," Lefko calmly pointed out.

"Yeah, I know," Moody agreed, still pushing Beads of sweat began to pop out on his broad, suntanned back.

After another minute or so of unrelenting effort, Moody broke through The sergeant groaned in pain

"You really felt that, didn't you, sergeant Well, don't worry, ol' buddy. The head's the thick part. The rest's a bit thinner—but there's sure a lot of it. With a hose like this, I shoulda been a fireman, huh, Sarge?"

Moody chuckled and began to push forward again, sending inch after inch of hardened manhood into Sgt Brown's virgin rectum

"Always wondered what it'd feel like to fuck a sergeant's ass," Moody murmured, sliding deeper into place "Always figured it'd be just like this on the inside—super hot and super tight"

A sudden tremor ran through the sergeant's body

Moody laughed "That's your prostate gland Bet you didn't even know you had one"

The sergeant was silent

"Well, when I get through it," Moody continued, "that ol' joybuzzer of yours is really gonna tingle In fact, it's—hey! I'm all the way inside now! Can you feel my crotch hairs scratchin' against your butt, Sarge?"

The sergeant didn't answer. Officer Moody started sawing back and forth into his body at a brisk but regular pace. The sergeant continued to tremble.

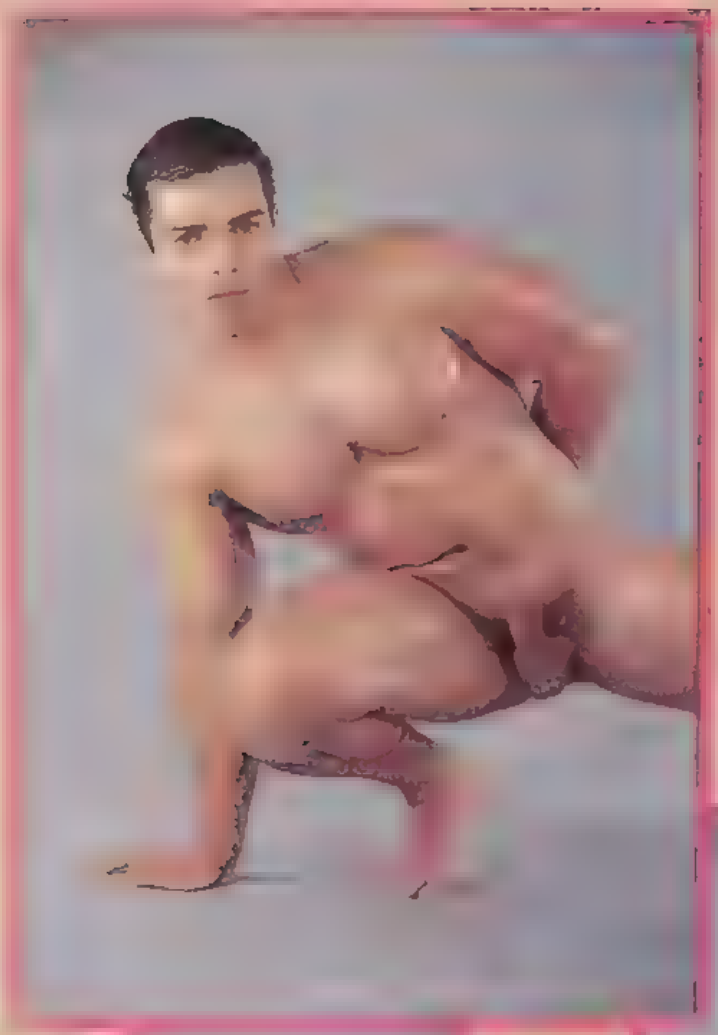
"I like it when we bang together," Moody confided, " 'cause I can feel your goddamned balls rubbin' up against mine. Feels real good. Just like they're kissin' "

Continued to page 21

BIG BRAWN

This swarthy muscle man has a workout plan just for you.

Section photographed by Kristen Bjorn



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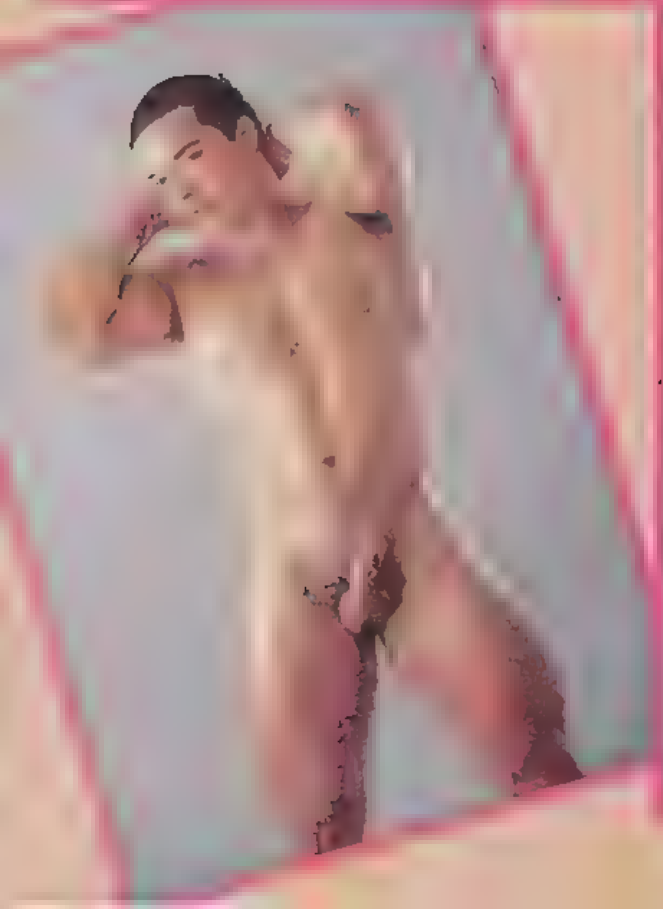

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Continued from page 12

"Why not use your hands to play with the sergeant's gonads?" Mr. Lefko suggested

"His what?!" Moody queried

"His nuts."

Moody grinned. "You're the boss."

I watched as Moody slid his hands around his partner's hips until he could get hold of the sergeant's sac. Brown's back muscles tightened conspicuously as Moody twisted and squeezed on his testicles.

Moody continued the torture and steadily increased his fuck pace until he was hammering away at his partner's ass at better than one stroke per second

"Hey, here it comes!" Officer Moody suddenly announced. He slammed with extra force into the sergeant's bowels, making corkscrewing motions at the same time. Then he froze into place against the sergeant's back, his buttocks pinched so tightly together, I could see hollows formed on the sides of his hips.

"Take it, Sarge!" Moody gasped as he pumped his burning semen into the older man's ass. "Take my juice!"

The sergeant kept his head down as Moody flooded the interior of his bowels. He didn't say a word. He didn't make a sound

"Damn, you really know how to give a guy a good ride," Moody joked as he finally pulled out of Sgt. Brown's ass with a loud popping noise. "Here, let me clean you up a little."

The officer picked up the sergeant's discarded shorts and used them to wipe between the older man's legs. When he started to use these same shorts to wipe off his own cock, however, Mr. Lefko stopped him

"Let Sgt. Brown clean you off," he suggested, politely. "With his tongue."

Brown straightened up and turned to face Lefko. "Look here, I agreed to get it in the ass, twice, but I never agreed to suck any cock."

"You agreed to follow my directions. If you want to be paid, you'll have to lick off Officer Moody's penis."

Moody grinned. "It won't be so bad, Sarge." He thrust his hips slightly forward to better display his dangling organ

The sergeant muttered something under his breath. Then he knelt down and took the officer's dick into his mouth with one quick swallow

"Shit, that feels good," Moody gasped, clasping the sergeant's head with both hands.

Sgt. Brown made a gagging noise, spit out the other man's organ, and rose angrily to his feet

"Damn!" Moody swore, looking down at his cock. "I was gettin' to enjoy that. See? I'm startin' to hard-up all over again."

"That's good," Mr. Lefko put in, "because I want you to perform sex on Sgt. Brown again—unless, of course, the sergeant wants to rest awhile first."

"No," the sergeant said. "Let's finish it."

Soon, following his host's directions, Sgt. Brown was lying face-up on the carpeted floor of the study with a small white towel beneath his hips. He'd pulled his knees up toward his chest giving me a good view of his exposed buttocks. Even from a distance, I could tell that despite Officer Moody's wipe-job, the sergeant's asshole still oozed with sticky fluids.

"Never fucked an ass this way before," Moody confessed as he knelt down on the rug, "but I'll sure as hell give it a try."

Moody moved into position and guided his hardened tool between Brown's upturned cheeks. Then he pushed forward, so that his shoulders pressed against the backs of the sergeant's knees. Once more the sergeant groaned in pain as Officer Moody's cockhead forced its way past his ravaged sphincter

"Damn, he's still tight," Moody grunted to no one in particular. Then for a second time he proceeded to plough his superior officer

"Kinda like it this way. I can see your face, Sarge. Can see your tits, too. Damn, but they're all hard and pointy. Just like little pink diamonds."

Moody chuckled at his own description and gave the sergeant an especially hard thrust. The sergeant shuddered in pain

"Must have hit your joybuzzer again. Well, hang on, Sarge, 'cause I'm gonna rub it raw!"

Having discovered the kind of thrust which would produce in Sgt. Brown the most intense sensation possible, Moody increased the tempo of his maneuvers, plunging the tip of his cockhead into Brown's prostate with each stroke

Officer Moody dug his toes into the carpet for a better grip and rammed his cock home with greater and greater force

How much longer could Sgt. Brown endure all the pain without shouting for mercy? His knees were shoved back so far that they pressed against his hairy chest, and the cheeks of his upthrust ass were spread so wide apart that they must have felt as if they were being split open

Mr. Lefko didn't seem at all concerned

Continued to page 40

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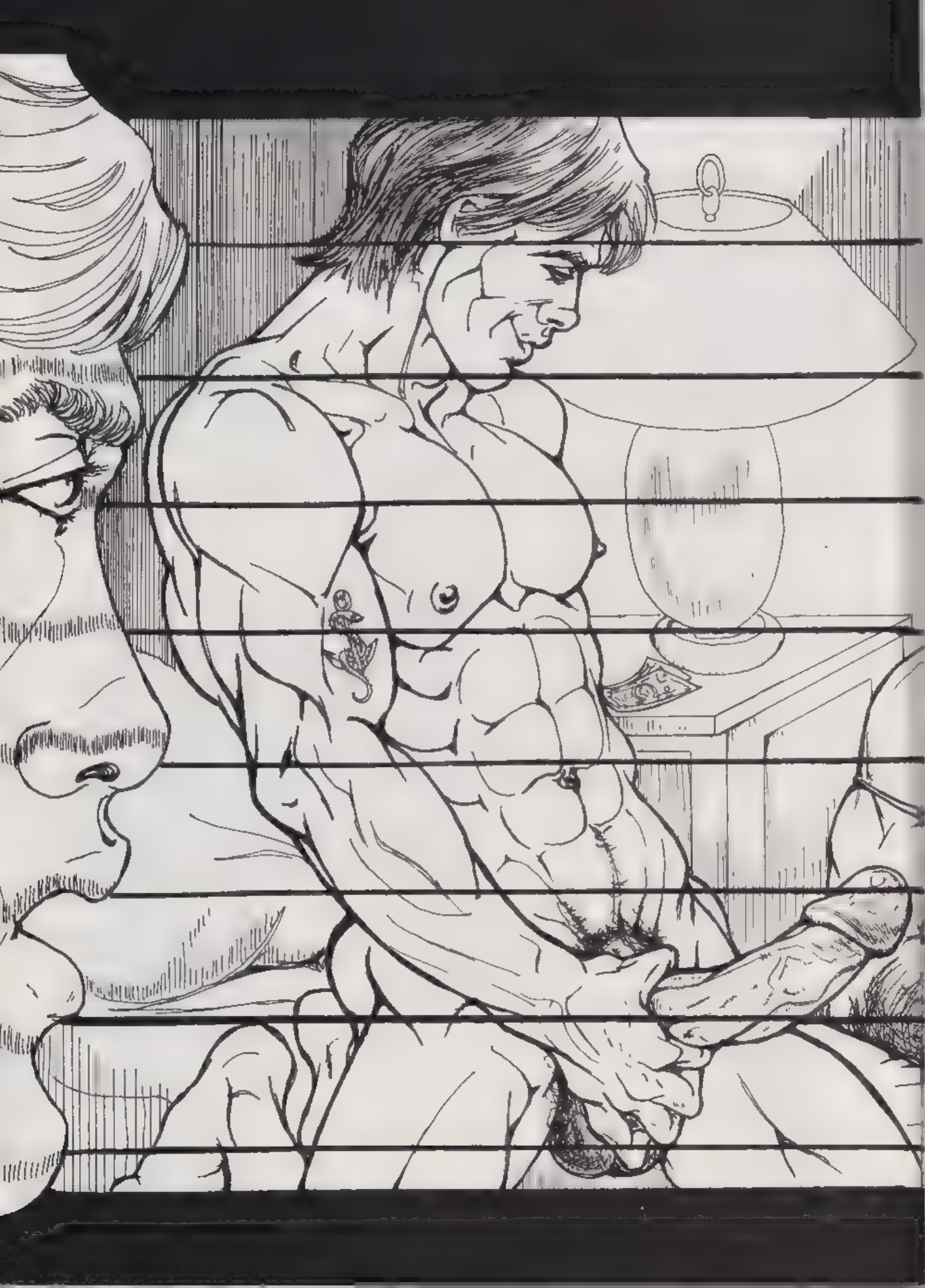
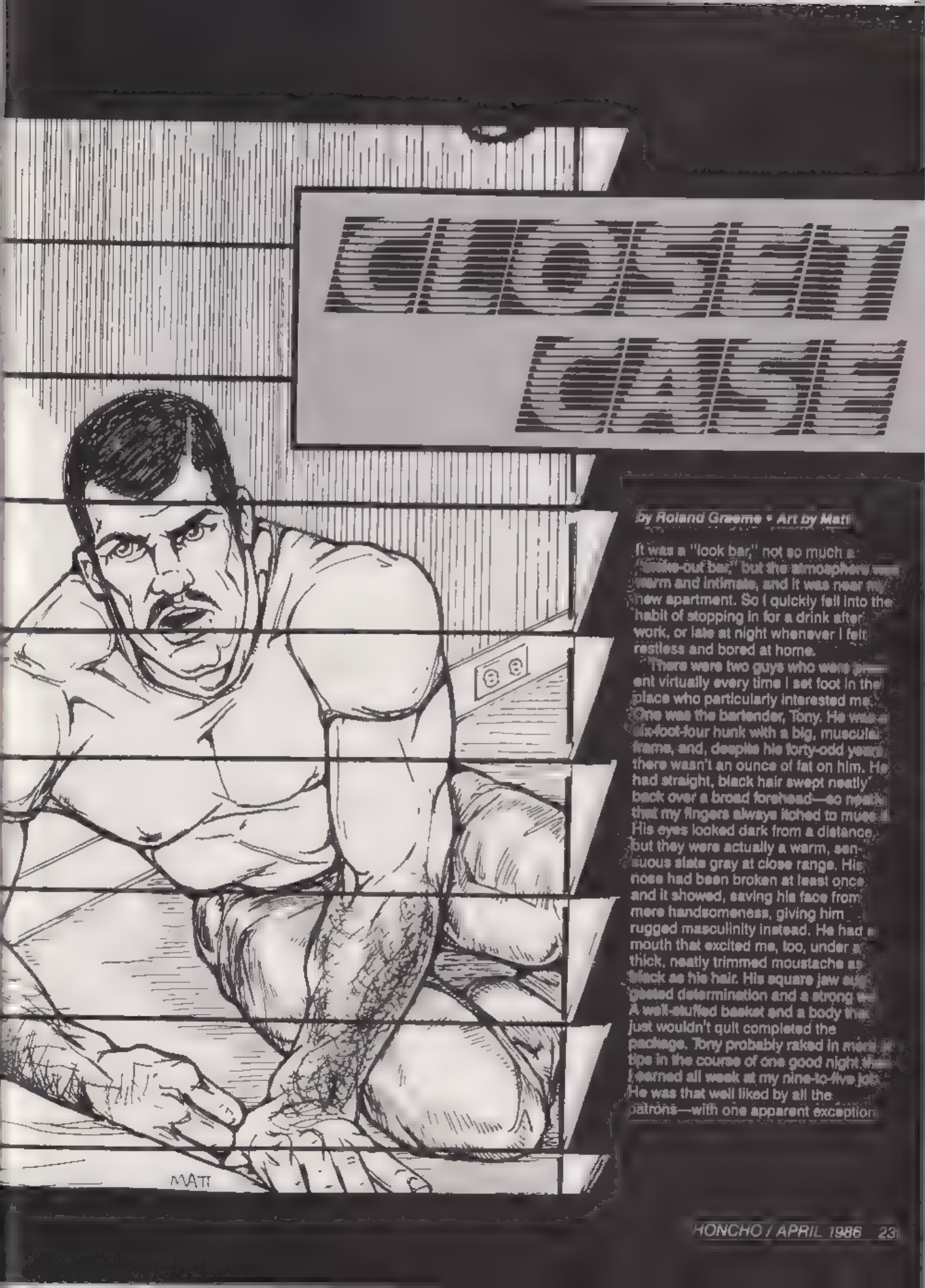


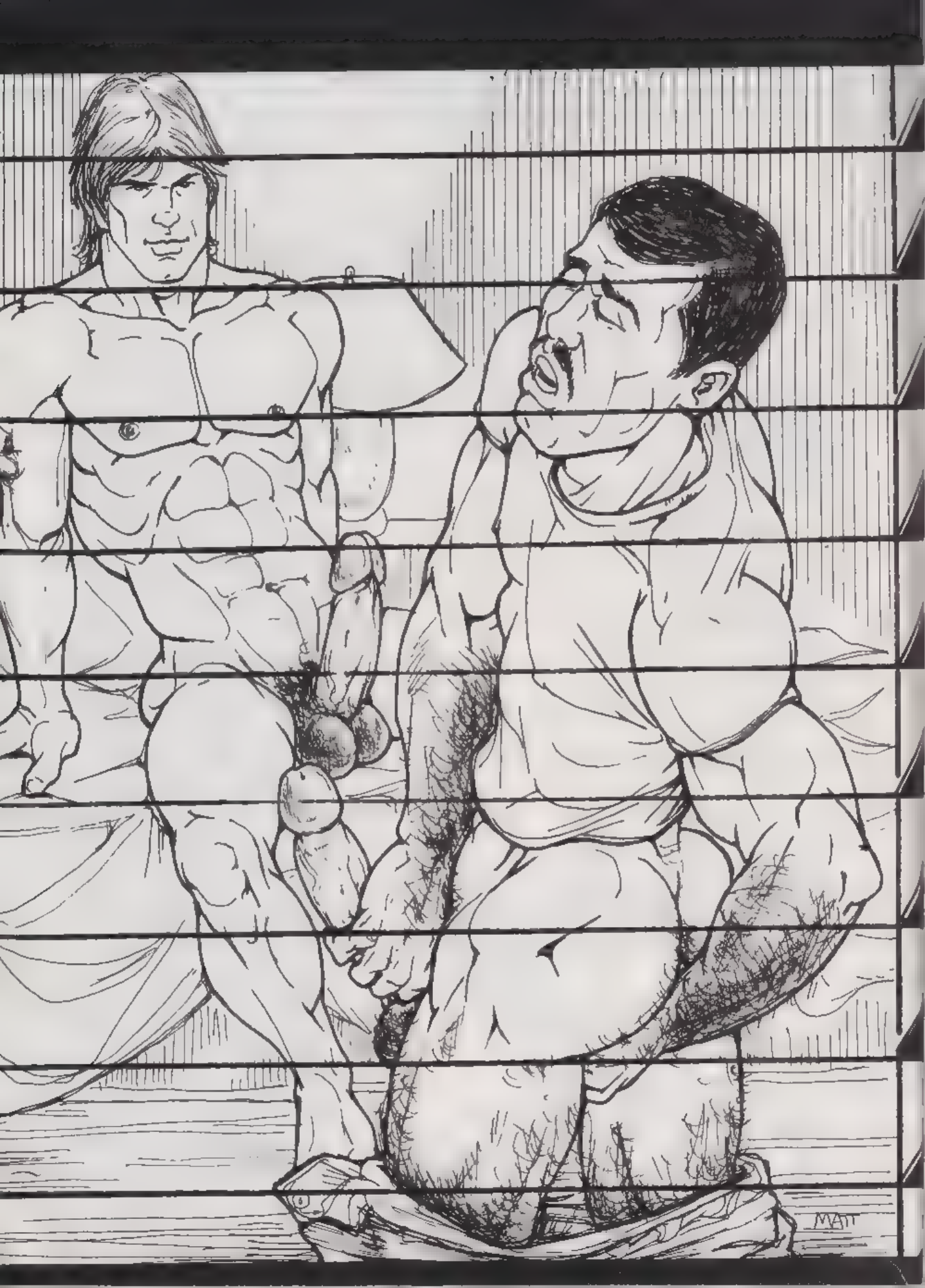


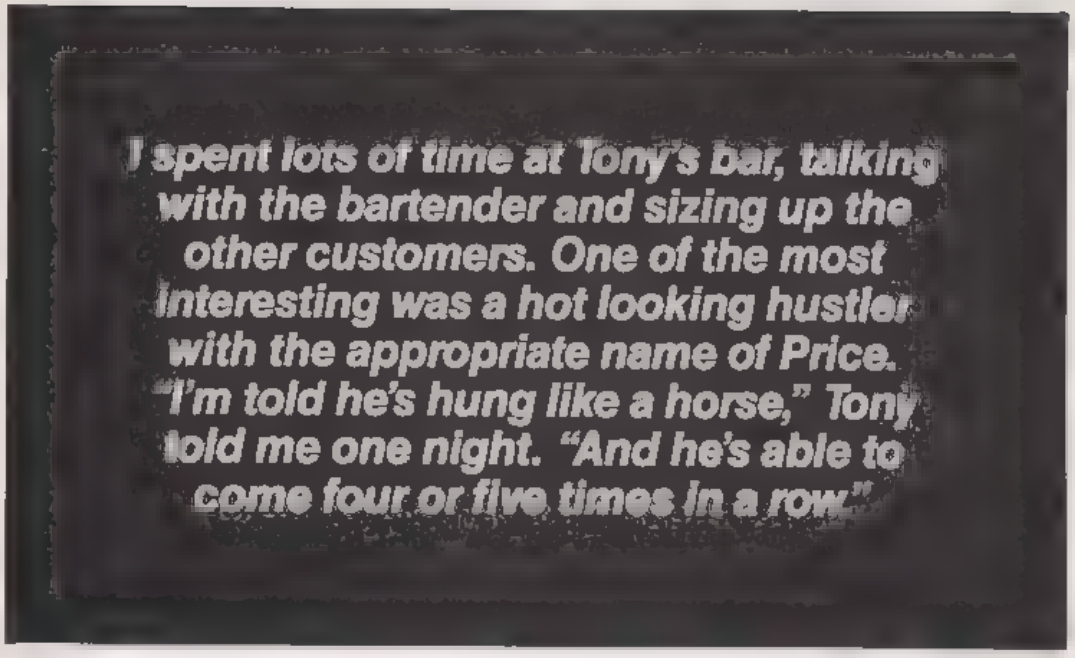
CLOSET CASE

by Roland Graeme • Art by Matt

It was a "look bar," not so much a "make-out bar," but the atmosphere was warm and intimate, and it was near my new apartment. So I quickly fell into the habit of stopping in for a drink after work, or late at night whenever I felt restless and bored at home.

There were two guys who were present virtually every time I set foot in the place who particularly interested me. One was the bartender, Tony. He was a six-foot-four hunk with a big, muscular frame, and, despite his forty-odd years, there wasn't an ounce of fat on him. He had straight, black hair swept neatly back over a broad forehead—so neatly that my fingers always itched to muss it. His eyes looked dark from a distance, but they were actually a warm, sensuous slate gray at close range. His nose had been broken at least once and it showed, saving his face from mere handsomeness, giving him rugged masculinity instead. He had a mouth that excited me, too, under a thick, neatly trimmed moustache as black as his hair. His square jaw suggested determination and a strong will. A well-stuffed basket and a body that just wouldn't quit completed the package. Tony probably raked in more tips in the course of one good night than I earned all week at my nine-to-five job. He was that well liked by all the patrons—with one apparent exception





Obviously a hustler who used the place as his nighttime base of operations, this cool number sat at the bar smoking cigarette after cigarette and nursing a single drink. He was good-looking in a blue-collar way—a curly-haired dark blond hulk with a chipped front tooth and hard, clear blue eyes, jeans tight over h s ass, torn black T-shirt stretched across labor-broadened shoulders, and tattooed biceps His manner was aloof, and he spent most of his time staring into space or into the mirror behind the bar at the other men, with apparent disinterest, or at himself with obvious fascination At first I was so awed by Tony that I barely noticed the younger stud, who often left the bar accompanied by a horny-looking older man, only to return an hour or so later, resume his position, and start silently drumming up business all over again One slow night, after weeks of regular patronage had made me comfortable with Tony and curious about the other regulars, I asked him about the kid "Does that number in the black T-shirt come in here every night?"

"Just about He walks in, climbs onto a stool, doesn't say a word to anybody unless they come up to him first—and believe me, they do. Some nights he stays ten minutes, sometimes all night Depends on if he finds enough prospects. He hates my guts because I give it away for free—if I like a guy. And I get hit on just as often as he does—maybe even more—even though I'm no chicken," Tony laughed "The kid's safe—he's never ripped off anybody, as far as I know—and he gets a lot of repeat customers, so he must be good in bed. I'm told he's hung like a horse and able to come four or five times in a row." I filed all this information away for future reference

One night about a week later, I found myself on the stool right next to the hustler His name, Tony had told me with a chuckle, was Price. Intrigued by the kid's cool self-confidence, I bought him a drink. "I go for 50," he informed me quite matter-of-factly, as he sipped the drink a smirking Tony had set in front of him "More, if you're into anything kinky"

I laughed "I'm just curious.. Such as?"

Price shrugged those incredibly broad shoulders of his and spat out a mouthful of cigarette smoke. "Whatever you're into. For 75, for example, I do my closet trick'

"What the hell's that?

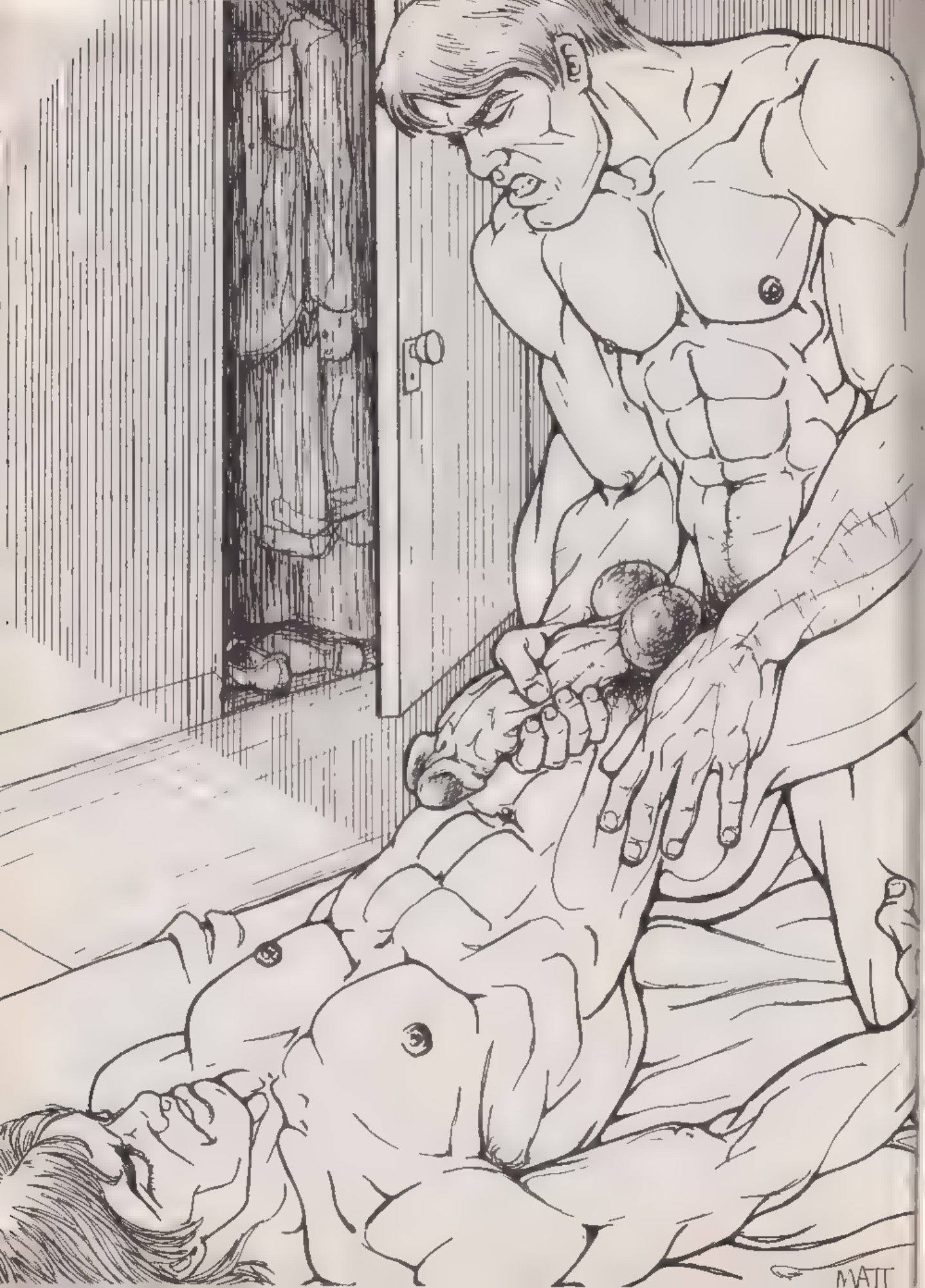
He smiled at me for the first time. "I live in a motel a couple blocks from here," he explained, lowering his voice so that Tony, who was at the far end of the bar, and the other customers couldn't overhear "For 75 bucks I give you the spare key to my room You go up there and hide in the closet. It's got these things like venetian blinds in the doors that you can look through. I pick up another guy, bring him up to the room, and we ball on the bed right there in front of you. You get to watch the whole thing, but the guy doesn't even know you're there. It's a hot turn-on, my customers always tell me And, after he's gone, you come out of the closet and—" He shrugged again. "I take care of you, too, if you're interested Some guys don't even want to, they get off just watching"

I've got to admit I was intrigued by the scenario. "What if you can't find another guy?"

"I can get any guy I want" He said it simply, dryly, like a statement of fact

"Not Tony," I whispered

"Oh, he hates my guts," he said cheerfully "Because I'm a whore. He's tricked with as many guys out of here as I have, but he thinks he's better than I am." He grinned at me, knowingly, smugly. "I think he's got the hots for you." This was news to me, of course, but before I could respond, Price went on: "You could have him if you played your cards right. He's cheap. Some night around closing time, I'll prove it to you, if you're really interested in my closet scene. I'll make you a sporting proposition, man' If I can get him to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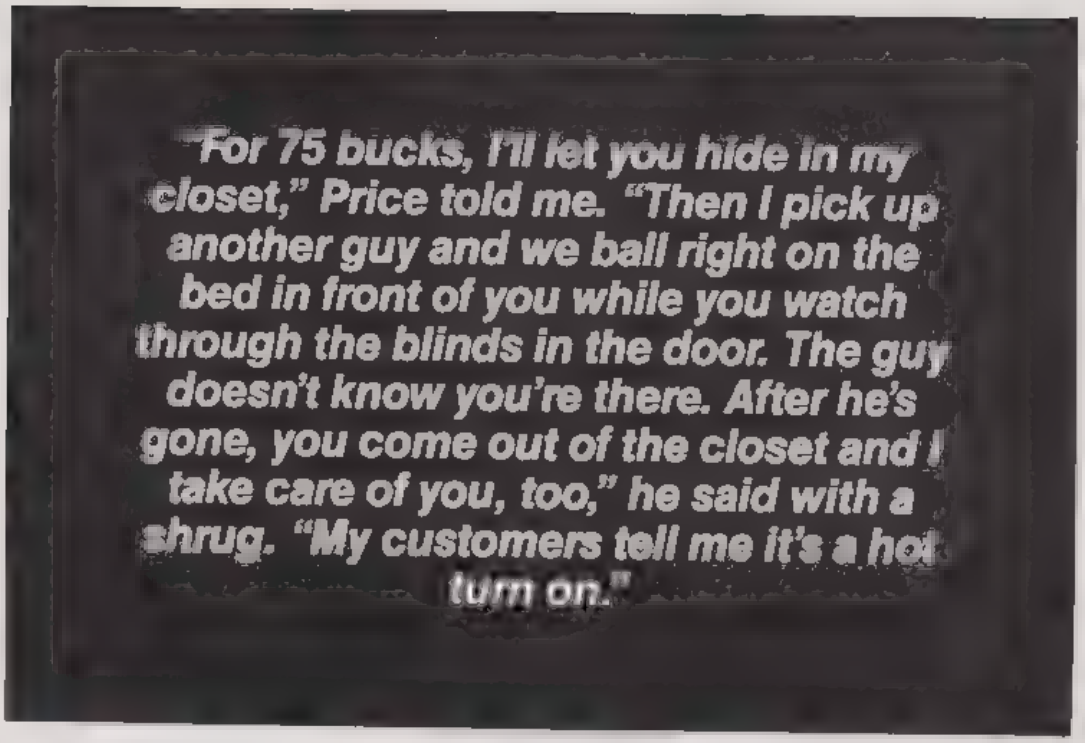


come up to my room tonight and have sex with me while you're in the closet watching, you pay me a hundred bucks if he turns me down, you can fuck me for free!"

I took the bet. "Be there just before closing time," Price instructed, after slipping me the key and telling me the address and room number. "I'll come up first and get you settled in the closet. I'll have him there fifteen minutes after this fucking bar closes tonight!"

I had another drink or two, then got bored with the atmosphere and left. I had a good hour to kill before I was due at Price's motel room, but I headed in that direction anyway in order to check the place out.

The room was in a cheap, sleazy class of motel, the kind in which people with limited funds who plan to hole up for a considerable length of time tend to stay. Price's room was in the back, and I noticed that it offered easy access to the back alley—discretion for the timid, the married, and the closeted, no doubt.

Shamelessly, I examined everything the young stud had in his room. I even opened his drawers. There wasn't much to see: a few clothes, a selection of skin magazines, a set of weights and a pressing bench in one corner of the room, a television set. The room could have belonged to anyone who believed in traveling light.

I checked out the closet. It was actually quite spacious, with double, louvered doors. I stepped inside and closed the doors. With the louvers cracked open at an angle, I had a good view of the whole room and a perfect view of the double bed only a few feet away. Within a few minutes of the hour the door to the motel room opened and Price swaggered in. He was alone.

"Don't count your chickens, he'll be here in a few minutes," he said matter-of-factly. "I told him I had to make the bed. Take off your clothes and hang 'em up in the closet. You can jerk off if you want to while we're fucking, but don't come. I want you to do it with me, soon as I've finished with him."

Without waiting for my reaction, Price sat on the bed and began to strip, slowly, for my benefit. Obviously the guy liked admiration. He did have a magnificent body, taut and hard-muscled, and his sexual equipment was almost grossly disproportionate. When he was stark naked he stretched out on the bed, lit the lamps on either side, and relaxed. I slipped inside the closet, nude myself, and carefully closed both doors. A few seconds later, there was a hesitant knock on the door. "Come on in," Price called. The door opened and Tony stepped inside. His face flushed with embarrassment, he stared at the naked hustler with the huge cock, sprawled so arrogantly across the bed.

Price reached down and began rubbing his cock; immediately it stirred, lengthened, thickened. "What're you waiting for, big man?"

Tony groaned faintly and walked toward the bed. I suspected at that point that I could have been in the room, visible to him, and it wouldn't have made much difference: the hot bartender was totally mesmerized by the amazingly well-hung punk.

"Where's the money, man?" Price asked bluntly. I couldn't believe my ears! Price had already won a hundred dollars from me, but he was still insisting that Tony pay him.

The bartender handed him a twenty and a ten—I could see the bills quite clearly in the strong light from the two bedside lamps, at least Price had offered Tony a discount.

"I hate your goddamn guts," said the bartender.

"You won't in a few minutes, man," said the hustler. His characteristic smirk was gone. He seemed to be genuinely interested in what was about to happen.

He sat up on the bed and kissed Tony on the mouth. At the same time, he took hold of Tony's hand, pulled it down to his crotch, and wrapped it around his dick. Tony squeezed and ran his hand up and down the full, pulsating length several times. Price moaned with

pleasure, then pulled away and quickly got off the bed. He stood there for a few seconds, letting Tony admire him. When Tony tried to grab hold of his dick again, Price backed away.

"Please," Tony gasped, so faintly I barely heard him.

Price shook his head mockingly and backed away even farther, maneuvering himself between the bed and the closet doors. "Come get it, fucker, if you want it so bad!" Tony, shuddering, moved toward him. "Don't walk. Crawl to me. Get down on your hands and knees and crawl to my prick!"

I didn't think Tony would do it. I had spoken to him often in the bar, and he seemed like a strong-willed stud, not into anything even remotely kinky, and certainly not willing to take any abuse from a sex partner.

But he got down on his hands and knees and looked up at Price's cock. "Please," he repeated hoarsely. "Please let me suck it!" Then he started to crawl, slowly and awkwardly, over to where Price's cock was jutting out into the air only a few inches in front of the louvered closet doors behind which I was standing. My own cock began to twitch.

When Tony reached Price, he wrapped his hand around the punk's cock and pulled it down toward his lips. With his other hand, he reached up and caressed the kid's belly, running his fingers all the way up to his chest. Price put his hand behind Tony's dark head and pulled him forward until his mouth was pressed against his cock. Tony's mouth opened and Price's thick cockhead disappeared inside.

Price pulled Tony's head tighter and tighter into his groin, and more and more of his cockshaft slid into his mouth. "Lick it, motherfucker. Suck it, motherfucker. Put your hot, wet cocksucking mouth to work, you faggot!"

Tony was completely turned on. He put his hand around the base and sucked hard, then pulled his mouth off and licked all around the sides and bottom of the slippery, throbbing shaft. The veins of the monster cock pulsed and swelled with hot blood. I began to play with myself, fighting back the urge to moan out loud. Price put his hands on Tony's pecs and massaged them through his shirt. He pinched the bartender's nipples roughly between his fingertips. Tony groaned, and I almost echoed him as my cock leapt and jerked in my rapidly stroking fist.

"You like that, don't you, bastard?" Price snickered. But his voice was getting as hoarse as Tony's. He was excited and deeply stirred by the increasingly hot, passionate blow-job the bartender was giving him. "Tell me, asshole," Price barked. "Tell me how much you like swinging on my cock, how much you like me torturing your fucking tits!" Tony didn't pull his mouth off the cock; he just opened it wider to allow the garbled words of passionate admiration to come out.

Eventually Price pulled away. He pushed Tony's head down between his legs. "Lick' em." Obediently, Tony licked Price's fat, hairy balls; then, one at a time, he sucked them into his mouth.

"I hate your goddamn guts," Tony told Price. "You won't when we get finished fucking, man," the hustler said. He seemed interested in what was about to happen. I was in the closet; I was interested too.

"Pull your pants down, jack off with one hand, and finger-fuck yourself up the ass with the other," Price ordered.

Without a second's hesitation, Tony unzipped his jeans, shoved them down to his knees, and began to masturbate. His ass was turned toward me, and I had an amazing close-up view as he reached around behind himself with his free hand, inserted his middle finger into his anus, and started feverishly manipulating himself—all the while continuing to suck Price's balls.

I had never seen anything like it in my life; the kid had Tony completely in his power, and, as I masturbated myself into a frenzy, I realized that I wasn't in the least surprised the bartender was doing exactly as he was told—if anything, I envied him!

"Keep fucking yourself," said Price, taking his own dick in his hand and shoving it back inside Tony's mouth. The bartender opened up and swallowed about half of it. Price gripped his slave's head with both hands and pushed his entire prick down Tony's throat. Tony gagged, Price started pumping.

Suddenly, he threw his head back and let out a low moan, which got louder as he humped more furiously than ever. The cocksucking stud choked and retched on the heavy load scalding his insides, but Price showed no mercy. "Swallow it, cunt," he growled. He pumped against Tony's face again, groaning even more loudly. His body jerked in orgasmic spasms several times. Then he let go of Tony's head. Tony pulled his mouth off the cock, his lips smeared with fresh jizm.

Price was already back on the bed. "Get naked."

Tony stripped, and I got my first look at his solidly-muscled, hairy body. He joined Price on the bed, and they kissed for a long time. Then Price trailed his tongue down his pickup's throat and over his pecs. He sucked on his nipples, then moved down to his belly. He shoved his hand between Tony's buttocks and began pushing two of his fingers in and out of his asshole. Tony groaned with anticipation. Price started sucking his cock; Tony grunted with pleasure.

Price was certainly earning his 30 bucks. He licked his way down Tony's legs, concentrating on the inner thighs and behind the knees. He moved to Tony's feet and sucked on his toes. He ran his tongue across the tender instep. Tony writhed and thrashed about on the bed.

Price was now in a kneeling position. He took Tony's legs and raised them. I thought he was going to fuck him, but I was wrong: Price moved up close and planted his face in Tony's ass. He pushed his face into the hairy, sweaty cleft and sunk his tongue deep inside. For several minutes, he screwed Tony with his extended, stiffened tongue. Then he pulled out.

He scooted up between Tony's legs. His cock, still jutting out hard, pressed against the bartender's buns. He reached down and inserted his tool where his tongue had just been. He moved in closer and, with one massive shove, plunged his cock deep inside the other man's body.

Tony moaned in pain, but his cries quickly became expressions of intense pleasure. He wrapped his legs around his fucker's waist, reached up and put his arms around his neck, pulled himself as close to Price as he could get. The kid humped viciously into him, never missing a stroke.

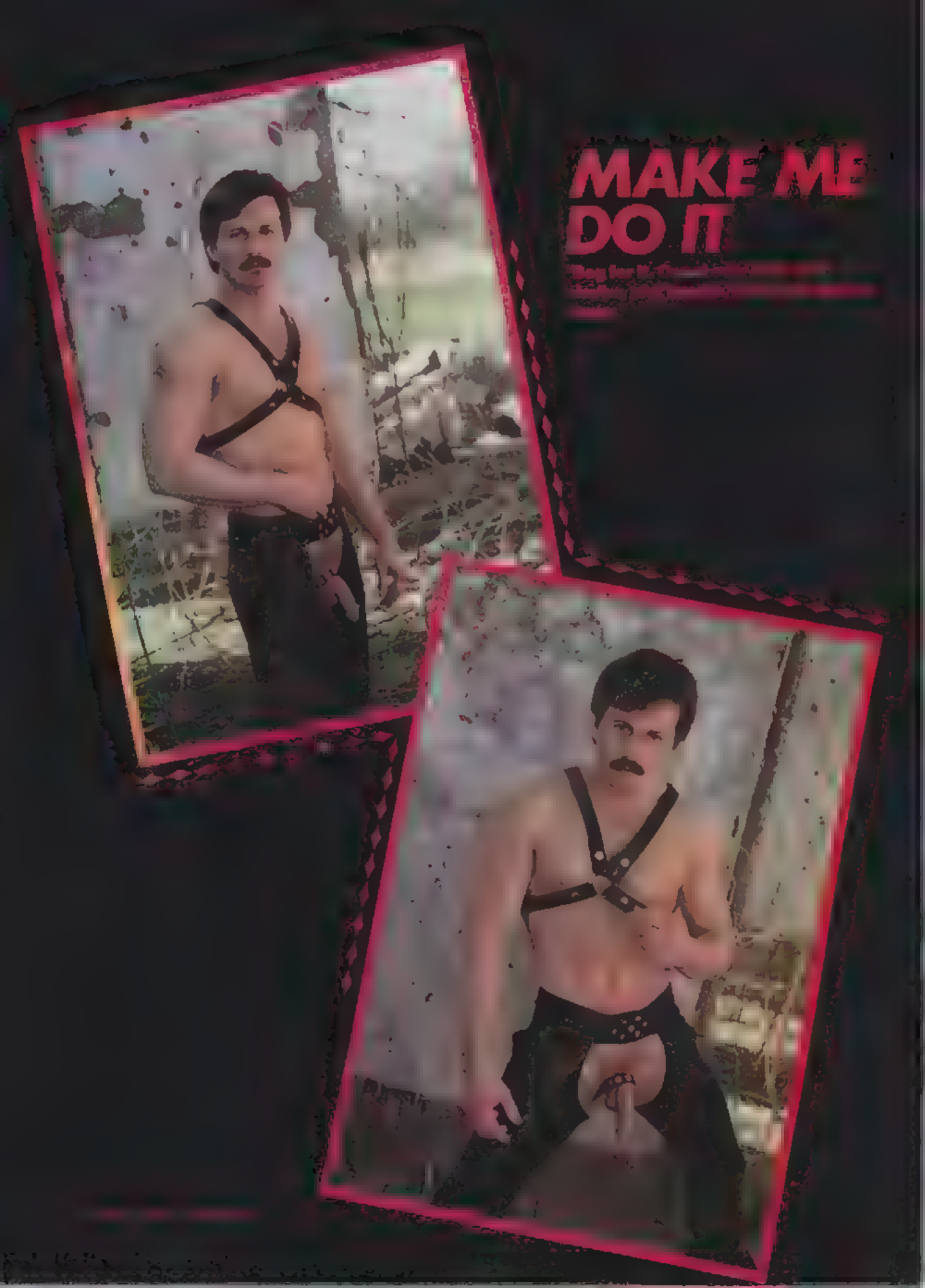
"Fuck me!" Tony yelled. "Fuck me, fuck me, *fuck me*!"

Continued to page 68

"Don't talk back to me, man! I'll make you do it until its done right."

Section photographed by Graven Image

MAKE ME
DO IT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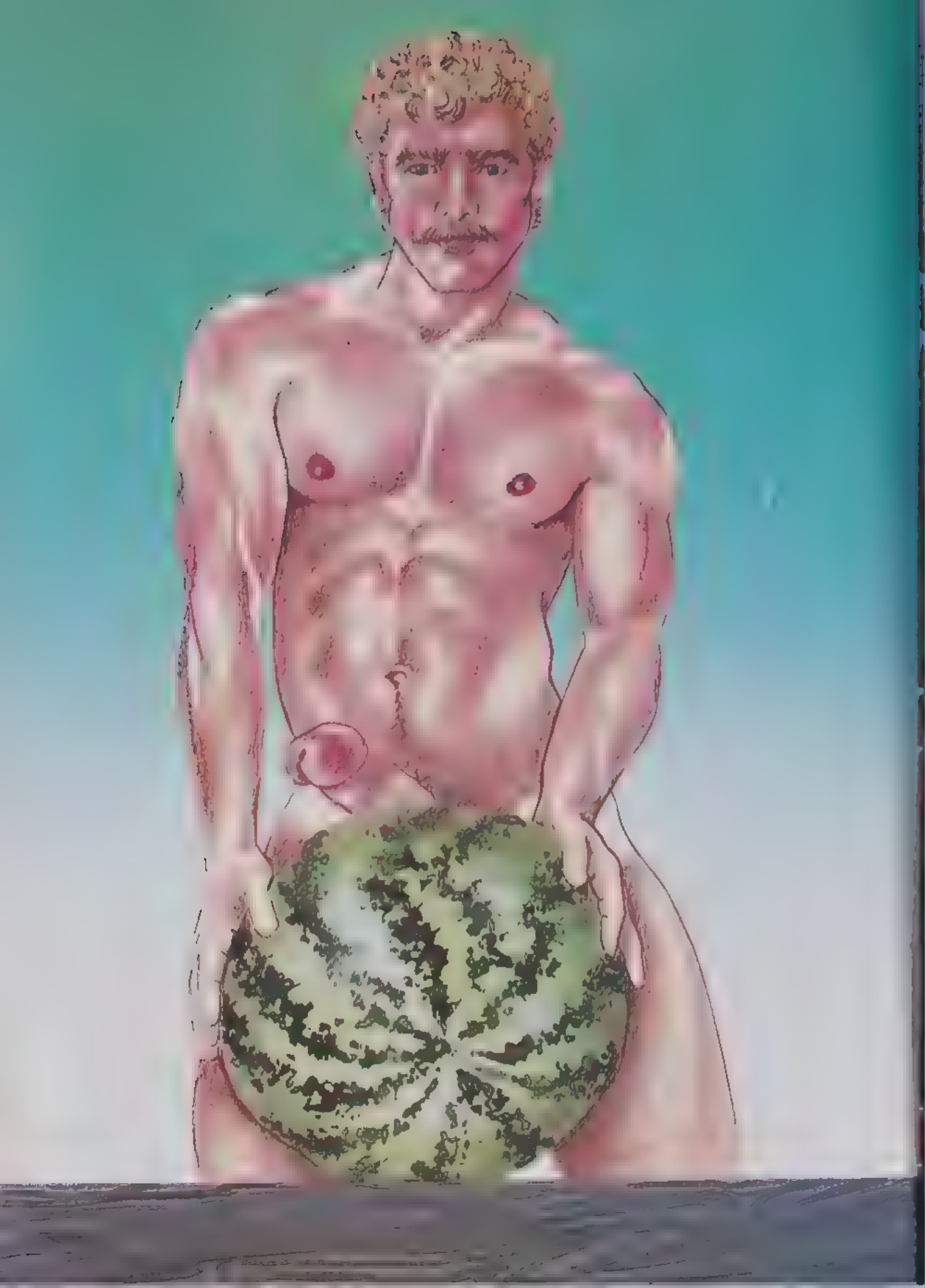

Since I came out, I've been a willing slave to many men. But Harland was the first, the sweetest. Like . . .

WATERMELON WINE

[illegible] • [illegible]

"Have you ever fucked a watermelon?" His bone-white teeth peeked from his sinister, thin lips as he continued in that sexy, raspy voice of his. "Sure you have. All farmboys fuck watermelons. When they're laying out there in the field, the way they are now, the sun gets them all hot and juicy, makes them irresistible." His blazing, blue-green eyes sparkled through narrow, hooded slits as he squinted in the blasting summer sun. "You just cut a good-sized hole and put it in. Better than pussy, and they don't whine or talk back either!"

I was startled by this revelation of what farmboys do to watermelons. I was almost as naive and inexperienced as one could be at eighteen years old; and I had never fucked a watermelon, a pussy, or anything else for that matter. Jesus—it had never even occurred to me to masturbate!

The gorgeous hunk who sought to enlighten me had a strange name: Harland Hogg. He was hearty, hearty and robust. And he was worldly: he had been to Greenwich Village! God how I yearned to go to New York and become an artist. My cherished brochure from the Art Students League of New York was dog-eared and tattered.

But there I was, wide-eyed little Charlie Bush, a simple farmboy from Hickory, Georgia, in the middle of a hundred acres of watermelons, with a bronzed Charles Atlas from Clearwater, Florida, who fucked watermelons and God only knows what else.

Harland Hogg worked for my father, temporarily anyway. He was a migrant worker who followed the watermelon crops from Florida to Texas. I didn't know whether they had watermelons in New York or not, or when he had been there, or if he really had been there. I wasn't even positive that New York existed. All I knew for sure was that I was entranced by a migrant farm laborer with an almost ludicrous-sounding name.

Harland's hair was coarse, curly, and unruly. Because of constant exposure to the southern sun, it refused to stay brown. Instead, it was frosted in gold the color of his skin. Silhouetted against the flat Georgia horizon, he stood an awesome six-foot-four. He was shirtless to the waist, the rippling muscles of his massive chest crowned with dark brown nipples. His tight-fitting, tattered jeans had tears in all the right places, so I could see that he wore no underwear. I knew my attraction to him made me different from other boys, and I was convinced there must be something terribly wrong with me. Harland, bless him—wherever he may be—taught me differently.

We were sitting beneath the trailer of an eighteen-wheeler that was used to haul away the crop, taking a break from the cruel southwest-Georgia sun. My normally white skin had just begun to tan, and my hair, sun-gold like Harland's, draped across my forehead in thick tangles, shadowing my gray, amber-specked eyes. I wore a pair of tight, white cut-offs, no shirt, and scruffy tennis shoes. I was a ripening but still-skinny youth, and I couldn't imagine that I had any appeal to Harland. So I was startled, pleasantly, when his giant, burly hand suddenly came to rest on my bared knee. He squeezed tightly, then his strong fingers trailed up the inside of my thighs and began to toy with the fringe of my shorts; I tingled with delight and fear. I looked up at his face and saw that his fleshy lips were turned up at the corner. Above his lips, the dark, short bristles of beard glistened with sweat. His eyes pierced through mine.

"You like this, don't you? My touch on you."

I wanted to scream a joyful "yes" but couldn't utter a single sound. He continued smiling and stroking my legs. All the while, his hands inched closer and closer to the tight little V of my shorts.

I had never been asked to work on daddy's farm, nor had I ever volunteered. But the moment I saw Harland Hogg, my interest [illegible]

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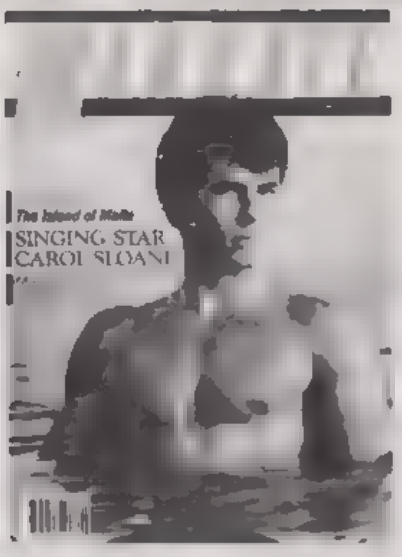

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watermelon crop was instantly spurred My father was pleased, and when Harland told him that he'd be glad to take me under his wing and make a man out of me, my father was overjoyed. Daddy harbored a secret fear that I might be gay, and he was relieved by the prospect of Harland tutoring me into *real* manhood. Thanks, Dad.

On that wondrous day beneath that truck in the middle of the watermelon field, Harland held my dampened crotch in his hand, gently squeezing, as he smiled and said, "I know what you want, even better than you do. And I'm just the man who can give it to you." He leaned his sweaty, musky-smelling body toward me and his lips fell tenderly on mine. Then he pressed harder, and forced his hot tongue into my mouth, filling me with his hot, steamy breath His body felt rock-hard as it straddled mine. He must have weighed nearly twice as much as I did at the time. I was crushed beneath him, but I loved it!

His hands slid forward along my sides leaving a trail of chills in their wake. His long, beefy fingers found my virgin nipples and began pulling them, playfully at first, then roughly. His lips continued grinding away at mine; I loved the harsh, sandpaper feel of his thick stubble scraping against the softness of my beardless skin. Finally, his lips left mine and trailed down to my neck "Oh, my sweet little baby," he crooned, his hot, moist breath fanning my throat. "Sweet, sweet, baby," he repeated as his hands slid down to remove my shorts. His lips found my swollen nipples and he began to suck I was lost, lost forever, and he as much as told me so: "You'll always be a slave to men."

He was right, of course; there have been many masters. But he was the first

His sweet lips meandered down my torso, and my whole body became electric. His hot mouth-furnace took possession of my cock; his hands took possession of my palm-sized ass cheeks. He forced them open; I cried out in pain. Tears crowded the corners of my eyes and blotted out the sun as one giant, man-sized finger entered me. But I urged him on. My hands lurched forward and nestled in the coarse, golden curls of his hair. My hips pressed upward toward his face. And my hungry sphincter muscles held his probing finger in a vise-like grip!

Suddenly, he pulled free, stood up, and removed his jeans. I couldn't believe my eyes! Nobody could be that big! He sank to his knees and gathered me up, cradling me in his massive, muscular arms, raining kisses all about my head and shoulders. I was in his lap, and we were face to face. My splayed legs were bent around the small of his back; our upper bodies were pressed together in a tight, sweaty embrace. I reached down between us and found his mammoth dick. It was hard and warm and wet—and pulsing with life. I had to have it! I wanted him in me, on me, through me.

He reached beneath me, clutched my ass cheeks, and lifted me up until I was suspended midair directly above that soaring, twelve-inch tower of flesh As he eased me down, I found myself opening up, welcoming him. But the burning sensation was almost unbearable; soon I felt as if I were going to split in two. It was like being impaled on a huge cattle prod And yet. .

Suddenly a calming warmth blanketed my entire body. My fingers and toes tingled. My cock started pumping Milky jizm shot all over Harland's stomach The sun exploded into trillions of shooting sparks

When my world finally refocused, I was lying on my stomach on a bed of wire grass beneath the truck Harland was still drilling, deeper and deeper. My ass cheeks burned from the constant grinding of his Brillo-pad pubic bush. I was his mindless plaything, nothing more than a piece of meat to him. And I loved it. My own moans drummed in my ears, mixing with Harland's animal-like grunts and groans. His hot breath sprayed the nape of my neck with driblets of spit and sweat

He quickened his fuck pace. My own dick fucked the hard ground beneath me; I could feel a few stony pebbles crushed beneath my pelvis. I winced each time he crashed into me I was totally exhausted, but Harland continued pounding and churning

His grunting got louder; my moans sounded more distant Somehow I got a second wind and began pressing my ass upward to meet his thrusts. I couldn't get enough of that monster dick. Between his grunts he rasped, "Ooooh! Shit! Baby, I'm fixing to come! Ooooh fuck!"

Suddenly he stood up, taking me with him. He raised me heavenward, as if he were about to make an offering to the gods He leaned backwards and thrust forward, gaining even deeper penetration, at the same time gripping my hard penis in his hand In an instant I was gushing again; my slick, milky juices flowed over Harland's hand. Then I felt the fire from his blowtorch cock as it convulsed and shot rivers of molten cum inside me. He filled me full and I could feel the sticky liquid overflowing, running down the insides of my thighs.

We collapsed together in an untidy heap. As his log-like dick pulled out of me, the huge emptiness it left behind hurt even more than the relentless thrusts I had endured for half an hour—or half a lifetime Tears streamed down my face. I wanted more of him, I wanted him inside me again The next day I got my wish. And the next. And the next I learned more that summer—in that field, under that truck—than in all the years I spent in classrooms piled together. But alas, summers always end

Since then, no time has been so sweet as that marvelous season in the sun I've been a willing slave to many men, as he told me I would be. But Harland was the first, the best, the sweetest . like watermelon wine. ■

"I know what you want," the muscular farmhand whispered into my ear. "I know what you want even better than you do. And I am just the man who can give it to you."

COPS NEVER CRY

Continued from page 3

about Sgt Brown's discomfort. He simply sat to one side of his desk, calmly watching the scene being played out before him on the floor of his study.

"Get ready, Sarge!" Moody finally shouted, and I knew that—at long last—the final phase of Sgt Brown's ordeal was drawing to an end.

Moody hurled himself forward between Brown's legs, causing Brown's ass to raise a good two feet off the towel. And once more he scalded the sergeant's insides with a surge of molten fire.

The sergeant's hands gripped the carpet so tightly that his knuckles turned pale from the strain.

"Damn!" Moody swore, suddenly jerking free from Sgt Brown's ass. "I've been wastin' my time on all them hookers down on the Strip. Your ass, Sarge—it's a hell of a lot better than anything *they* got to offer."

"I'm glad you enjoyed yourself," Lefko spoke as if he were hosting a dinner party. Then he turned back to his desk, took out a handful of fresh bills, and gave them to Officer Moody.

"This includes your fee for the sex acts, and the usual price for your used underwear."

"Oh, yeah." Moody leaned down to pick up his discarded briefs. "Let me get 'em ripe for you."

He wiped off his wilted cock, then tossed the briefs onto Lefko's desk, and started to don his uniform.

Sgt Brown, eyes closed, remained face-up on the floor, motionless and silent.

"Anytime you want a repeat performance," Moody said in a jaunty voice as he opened the door, "just let me know."

After Moody had gone, Sgt. Brown slowly, painfully rose to his feet. He wiped himself off as best he could with his used undershorts, which he then threw on top of Lefko's desk, next to Moody's.

"And here's *your* money," Lefko said, handing the sergeant a roll of bills. "It includes the $100 for your undershorts."

Brown took the money without a word and began to dress.

Mr Lefko waved his hand. "If you'd like to make use of the facilities.."

"I just want to get out of here," Brown muttered, zipping up his uniform trousers.

As soon as Brown had left the room, I slipped out of the closet and hurried back to my own quarters. With each step I took, the thrill of having actually seen two cops locked in sweaty embrace faded further into vague, not-altogether-pleasant memory. Perhaps I was feeling guilty about having witnessed a man being so thoroughly humiliated.

Just as I reached for my light-switch, I heard a faint noise coming from the garden, so—leaving my room in darkness—I tiptoed over and peered through my open window. Outside, half-hidden between moonlight and shadow, I saw Sgt. Brown in an alcove behind the pool house. A steady stream of tears trickled from his eyes.

I never visited the closet again.

On September 1st my job came to an end. Mr Lefko and I parted on polite terms. Later in the year, we exchanged Christmas cards.

Hollywood Sunsets arrived in bookstores the following spring. It didn't even come close to making the best-seller list, but most reviewers treated it kindly. In the introduction, Mr Lefko thanked me for my "invaluable assistance" and "unflagging efforts." He also sent me a bonus check for $1000 as well as the address of Rusty Harper, who was planning to write a book of his own reminiscences.

It was while working for Harper that I had my last look at Sgt Brown of the L.A.P.D.

Unlike Mr Lefko, Rusty Harper wanted our relationship to be both professional *and* personal. Four or five times a week, I'd find myself lying naked in his king-sized waterbed with Harper sucking hungrily on my pecker.

Sometimes, after one of these sessions, the star of such B-westerns as *Bullwhips and Bandits* would show me photographs from his extensive collection of male erotica. One was of a naked, blindfolded man tied to a chair, his legs spread wide apart so that his heavy ballsac dangled down over the edge of the seat. Through each of the man's testicles had been driven a long silvery needle.

"That's a real honest-to-God L.A. police sergeant," Harper boasted, scratching at his crotch. "If you've got the money, you can hire him for the evening and stick pins through his nuts. Must hurt like hell, but he never makes a sound. Of course, you know what they say: cops never cry."

I studied the picture closer, tracing with my finger the knife-scar which ran from the man's neck down through his left nipple. "You're wrong about that."

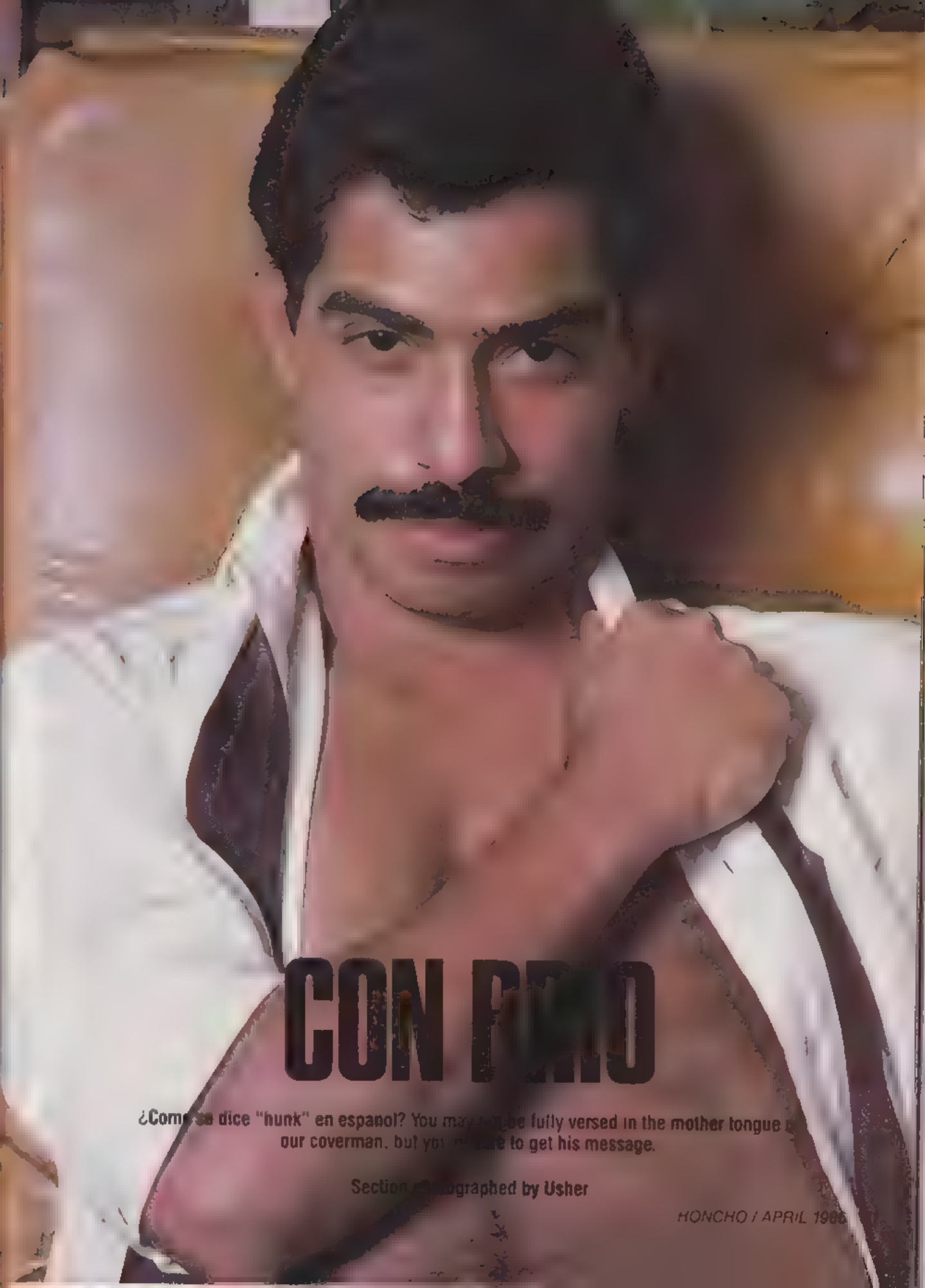
"Wrong about what?"

"About cops," I said, handing the photo back to him. "They cry, all right."

"They do?" Rusty asked.

"Yeah, but only when they're alone, when nobody can hear them."

Rusty shrugged, pushed me back on the bed, and went back to work on my cock. It didn't occur to him to ask me how I knew what cops do when they're alone. Of course I *don't* know what all cops do when they're alone. Only one ■



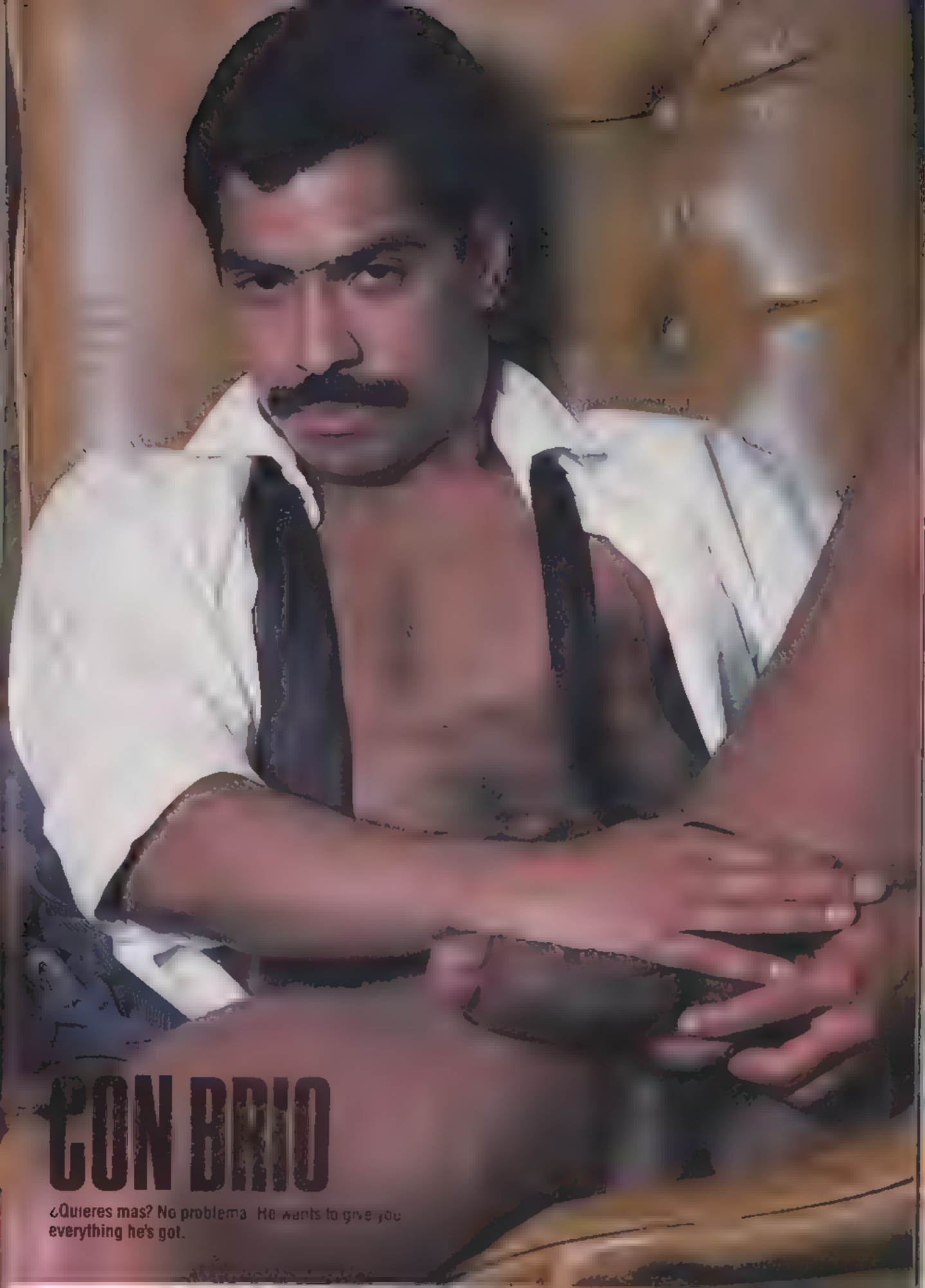
CON PERRO

¿Como se dice "hunk" en espanol? You may not be fully versed in the mother tongue of our coverman, but you'll be sure to get his message.

Section photographed by Usher

El hombre es muy guapo y el tienes un becho grande, muy grande. In other words, that's one fine-looking piece of meat he's got there.

BRIO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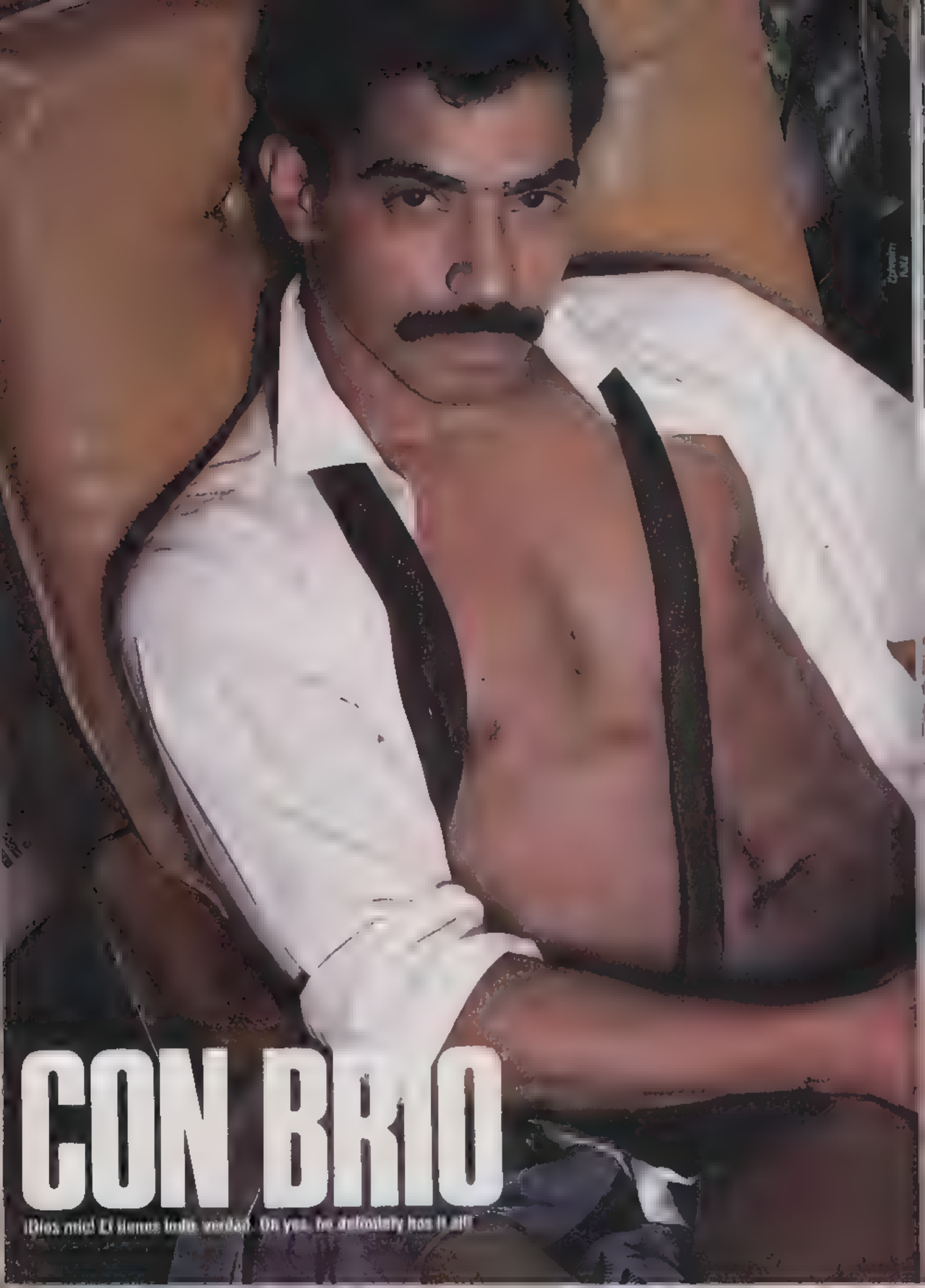

CON BRIO

¡Dios mío! El tiene todo, verdad. Oh yes, he definitely has it all!

CON
BRIO

rab
Bag
Bet he makes you want to reach out and touch. Or should we say reac out and grab?

Grab Bag

muscled gut before continuing. "When Chute offered to show me home movies of some jumps he had made in a national meet the year before, I flat knew it was going to see an open chute other than a silk one. And I wasn't wrong. When we got inside his apartment, he flipped the lock with one hand and ran the other across my fly. I instinctively stuck my hand down the back of his jeans and started fingering his hole.

"He said, 'Tell you what, stud. Grab a couple of beers from the fridge while I set up the projector. We'll take a quick look at the flicks...and *then* you can have me until neither of us can stand up.'

"Frankly, I wasn't used to being put off, but for some reason, when he did it, it seemed okay."

"I'm getting curious. What did this guy look like?" I asked.

"Well sonofabitch, I do have your attention after all," said Harley. He looked me over carefully before adding, "Well, to tell the truth, he looked a lot like you. The same curly hair, the same lean build. Tonight, when I walked into the head and saw you from the back, for a moment I thought you were Chute...but when I moved up to the urinal to piss and saw your cock's uncut, that's when the resemblance stopped. But when you turned and smiled, I wasn't at all disappointed. Hell, I was delighted."

Harley looked down at me with a lopsided grin that seemed almost out of place on his rugged square-cut face.

"And then you found out there was another difference."

"You mean the fact that you don't let anybody mess [illegible]" I asked.

"Right."

"Oh, can't say I was surprised. The old sixth sense told me you were a top man. Hell, I was a little surprised when you went down on me. Man, you do evermore give great head—but back to my story. After we watched the home movies and polished off the beers, Chute kicked off his boots, dropped his jeans, and turned his round fuzzy ass in my direction, and said, 'Go for it, you horny fucker!'

"After I pumped his butt full of hot cream, he rolled over and asked how I planned to take care of him. I told him that I thought I just had and was sorry he'd expected more. You see, I had never even jacked off another guy, much less blown one or let myself be plugged. Chute said not to worry about it and take a nap. He rubbed my back until I fell asleep. Oh, Jesus, that hunk had a fine touch.

"When I came to about an hour or so [illegible]

when I went to move, my heart goddamn near stopped. I realized I was tied to the bed with neckties...one on each arm and leg.

"He said, 'Easy, man. I'm not going to rape you. My dick doesn't go anywhere it's not invited.'

"I ordered him to untie me, but he matter-of-factly said 'no' and added that I could fight and yell until I got tired of the struggle because no one could hear. Oh, you can bet I did my best to get free, but it didn't take long to see that I wasn't going anywhere until he was ready for me to. Then I tried to talk my way out of the bonds, but that didn't work any better. Know what I mean?"

I nodded and accepted the final toke on the joint, and Harley continued his story. "Chute started tonguing my toes and the soles of my feet. It drove me wild. Then he ran that talented tongue up my legs and inside my thighs. Since I was tied spread eagle, he could even get to my balls. Next I felt him place a hand on each cheek of my ass and spread them to clear the way for his teasing tongue to play with my hole. At

with gentle little circles. Then a bit of pressure...just enough to get the tip of a finger inside. Even though I liked the feeling, I told him to cut that out, and without a word he went back to rubbing his body all over mine. The difference was this time he slipped one hand down into my crotch and started stroking my cock in the bargain. When he sensed I was just about to shoot, he squeezed my cockhead to halt the explosion, then he went back to playing with my ass. This time the finger worked deeper and deeper inside. He found my prostate and teased me until I damn near was crazy. Juice was leaking out of my dick. Man, I'd never felt anything like it. He added a second finger. He added a third finger, and I heard a voice holler, 'Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!' At first, I swear I didn't realize the voice was mine, that's how wild I was.

"When I realized what I had said, I expected him to ram it to me. Not so. He was pure control as he eased that fat prick of his into my ass. His movements were like slow-dancing or maybe a rhumba...sweet music. Soon I was begging

I woke up in shock to find myself tied to the bed. My captor looked down at me and said, "Easy, man. I'm not going to rape you. My dick doesn't go anywhere it's not invited."

one point, he paused for a moment and asked if I wanted him to stop. Hell, I had to admit it felt great, but I did make it clear that I would flat kill him when I got loose if he tried to stick his dick up my ass. 'Don't worry. Didn't I tell you I wouldn't unless you asked for it,' he assured me.

"Then he went back to work with that tongue of his, and my dick got so hard I thought it would punch a hole in the mattress. About then, he reached under the bed and pulled out a bottle of mineral oil. I looked over my shoulder to see him pour about a cupful all over his chest and belly before stretching out on top of me. Holy shit, what a sensation! He slipped a greasy paw under each side of my chest and started kneading my tits as he slid all over my back. I could feel that hot slick dick slide up and down my spine and rub around on my buns. Then he let go one tit and started toying with my hole. It started

him to go faster and harder. I wanted to feel his nuts slap against my ass. I wanted to know exactly how it felt to have a hot load squirted up my chute.

"I looked down to see that Harley's memories had made his meaty cock stretch out its full nine inches. When he saw me observing his excitement, he gave an easy laugh. "Oh, yes. It's good just thinking about it. That moment was fuckin' fine. After it was over, I lay there quivering like a kid. When Chute untied me and led me to the shower, I just stood there in a daze while he washed away the oil.

"Once we got back to bed, it seemed so natural to slide down and suck his dick, even though I'd never done that before. I just loved it and wouldn't let go. When Chute was past the point of no return, he tried to pull out. I guess he felt I'd experienced enough firsts for one day, but I grabbed the cheeks of his ass and shoved that rod down my throat.

Continued to page 5

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SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY
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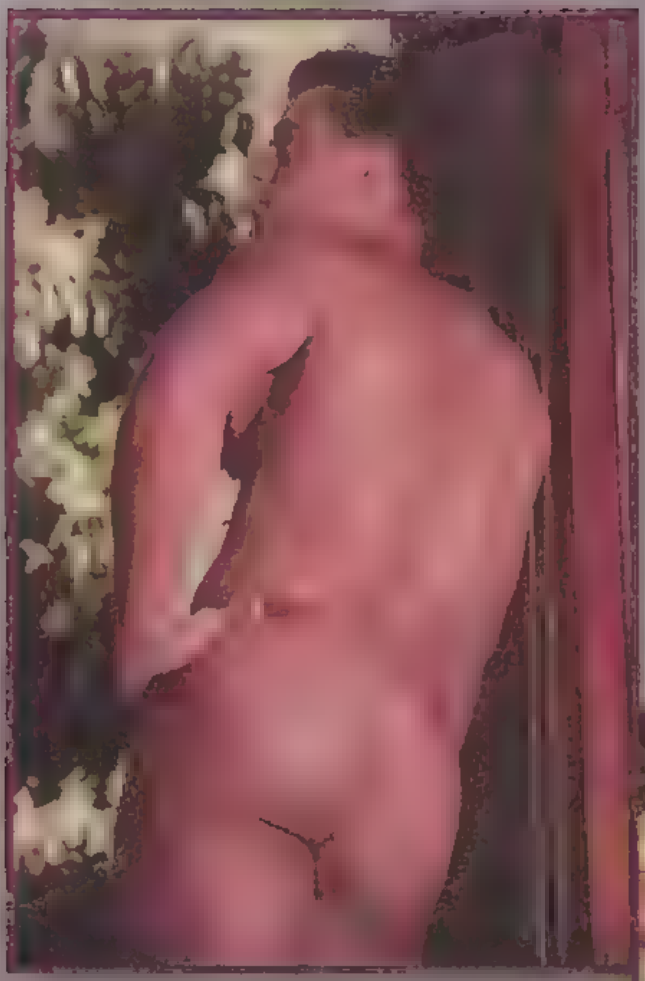

AT HIS SERVICE

BUT YOU HAVE TO BE PREPARED TO DO A

AT HIS SERVICE
YOU'VE MADE QUITE AN IMPRESSION. THE JOB IS YOURS NOW, GET TO WORK.

CLOSET CASE

Continued from page 20

Price gladly fulfilled Tony's request

Suddenly Tony started coming, bathing his own belly and chest with sperm. Price held back. As soon as Tony had stopped shooting, Price worked him around on the bed until he was on his belly, head toward me; he accomplished this without letting his cock slip out. He moved to the edge of the bed and stood up on the floor; he pulled Tony's hips up to him until the bartender was crouched on his hands and knees on the bed. Price held onto his hips and started fucking him again dog style. For half an hour, the hustler banged away on the bartender, with steady, hard, nonstop strokes.

Only when Tony began to shoot again, all over the bed, did Price allow himself to come. When he was finished, immediately he pulled his dick out of Tony and flopped down on the bed. Tony lay down beside him.

For several minutes they just lay there, both breathing heavily. Then Tony leaned over and pressed his lips to Price's. The hustler allowed himself to be kissed but didn't reciprocate. Tony sighed, got up, and dressed. All of a sudden, he seemed in a hurry to leave, as though he was ashamed of having surrendered so completely to the other man's dominant lust.

As soon as Tony was gone, Price sat up on the bed and gestured toward me. I pushed open the closet doors and fell on top of him. He took me in his arms and pressed his hot, sweaty body against mine. He let me kiss him, and to my surprise he kissed back—as he hadn't done with Tony—sucking on my tongue as he spread his thighs, raised them, and threw them up over my shoulders with great agility.

"I don't think I can get it up again so soon," he whispered. "You're going to have to screw me." He was already reaching down to guide the head of my cock between his ass cheeks. "Ram it in me, man," he grunted. "I'm still hot from the fuck I threw into that musclehead bartender. Fuck *me*! Fuck *me*! Fuck me *hard*!"

My cock sank into the depths of his tight, sweaty ass. And I lost all self-control. I screwed him like a demon, with no concern for his pleasure, no concern that I might be hurting him. All I cared about was my own lust. Price took it all, without complaint. He humped his butt up against my crotch, flexed his sphincter muscle, and gave my cock the ride of its life. We were both panting like dogs, dripping sweat, our hearts pounding against each other's chests when I finally exploded inside him. I filled his asshole with thick, frothy jizm until I had no more to give him. We collapsed beside each other on the bed, exhausted.

"So ... was it worth a hundred bucks?" His question was rhetorical, and appropriately so.

I reached for my wallet, then laughed. "Who am I kidding? Look, I'll bring my checkbook to the bar tomorrow night—okay?"

"Forget it. Just bring yourself. It was worth a hundred bucks to me, too, as it turned out. So we're even."

Sometimes there's not a damn thing in the world wrong with being a closet case ■

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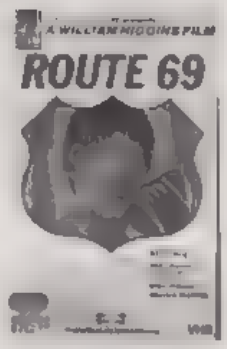

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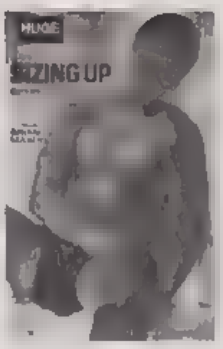

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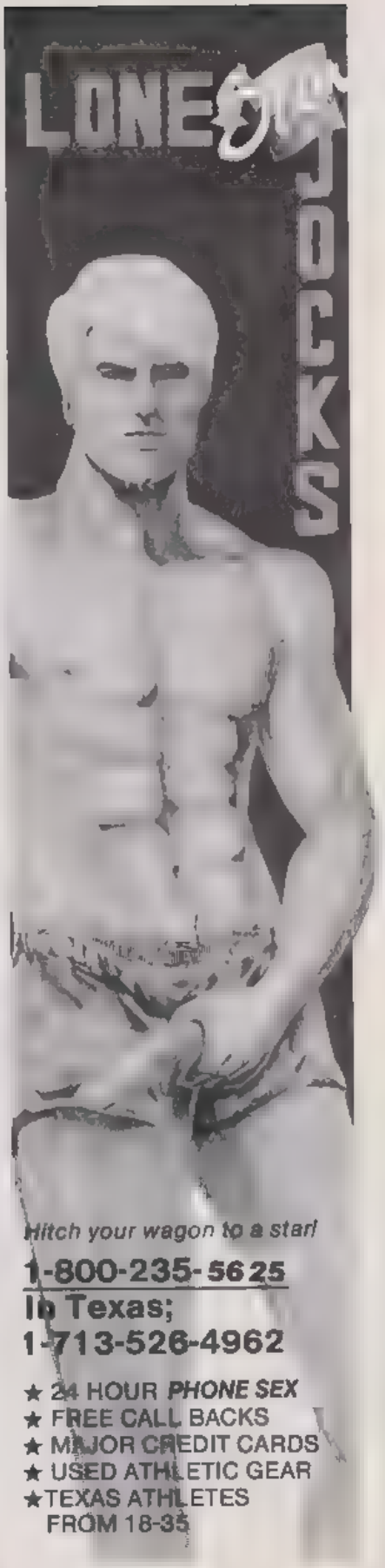
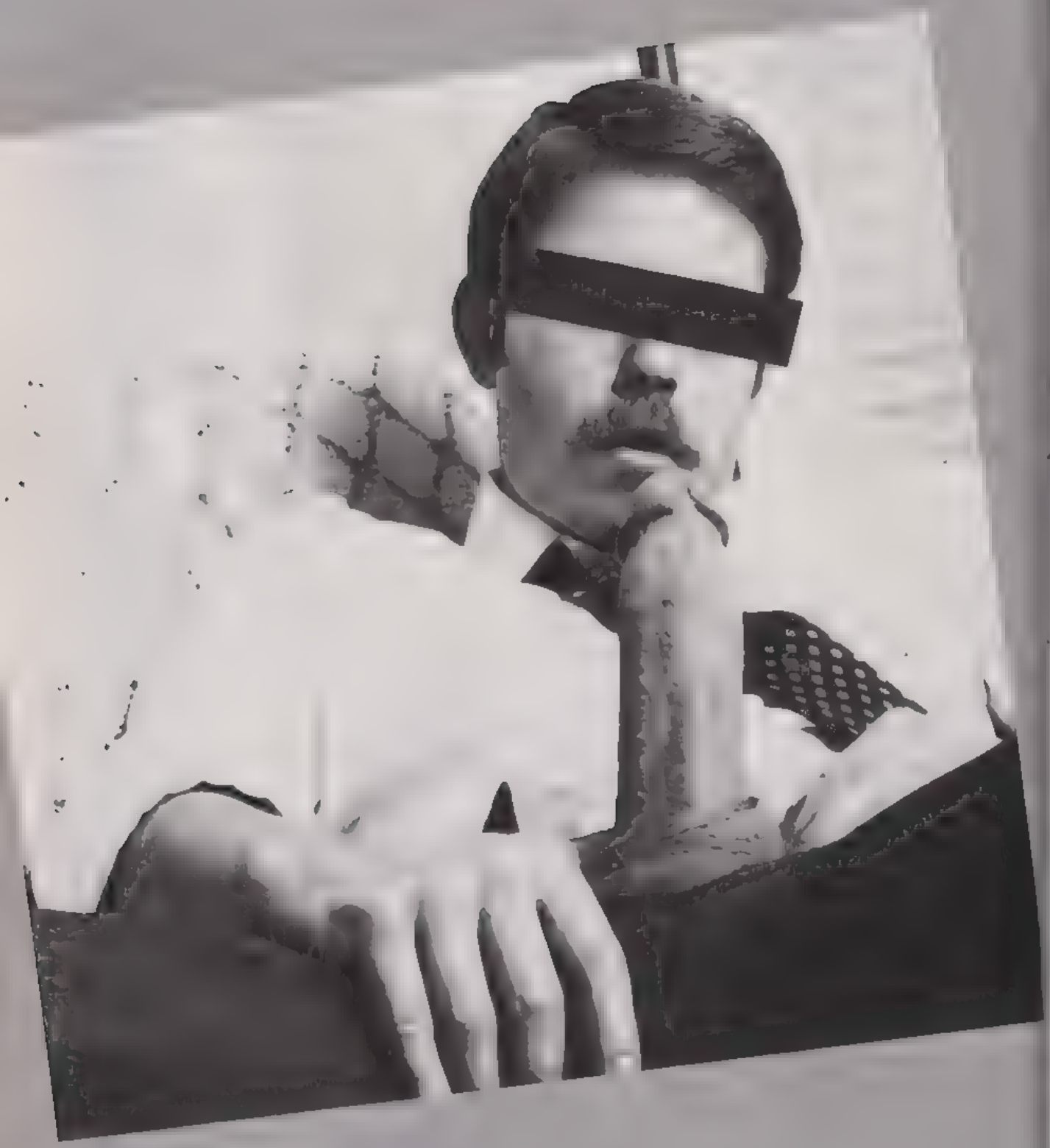




The Thirteenth Man

By Pug Snider • Photography by Moe

Somebody, I forget who, once said that the nice thing about masturbation is that you don't have to get dressed up for it. I suppose that's a reasonable philosophy fo a guy like Robinson Crusoe or some closet case stuck in a churchy little community, but it's shitty logic when you live in a neighborhood crawling with Premium Grade-A stuff.

My old red brick apartment building is downtown, but it's not seedy. The landlord keeps the 16 apartments filled with the constant flow of male students from the nearby Chiropractic Institute (Most of them stay in the school for the full two-year program.) The dropouts last only about six months, and usually wind up in Los Angeles working as masseurs. There is nothing wrong with my back, but to help along many a dedicated student I have submitted to some of the most stimulating manipulation you could ever imagine. Jacking off is pale stuff compared to even just the slightest touch of some of the more advanced students, mostly young Swedes, from the school.

Social mobility among the tenants is facilitated by an over-alley passage connecting the twin buildings—originally named The Ionic and The Doric—now rechristened The Ulna and The Iliac. In addition to the private parties all over the place, there is a ramshackle latticed pergola atop the third floor roof overlooking the campus, the river, and all of downtown. At night, the view is breathtaking. And, especially following semester exams, so are the orgies.

With my small but well paying typing service, I'm at home all day and most evenings, so I see pretty much what goes on. If I sound nosey it's because I am. I like people and I like people to like me, so I keep my door open most of the time. I can see who goes up and down the stairway and the ladder-steep flight that leads up to the roof. I lost my roomie a year ago. He would have made a marvelous chiropractor, but he played around too much.

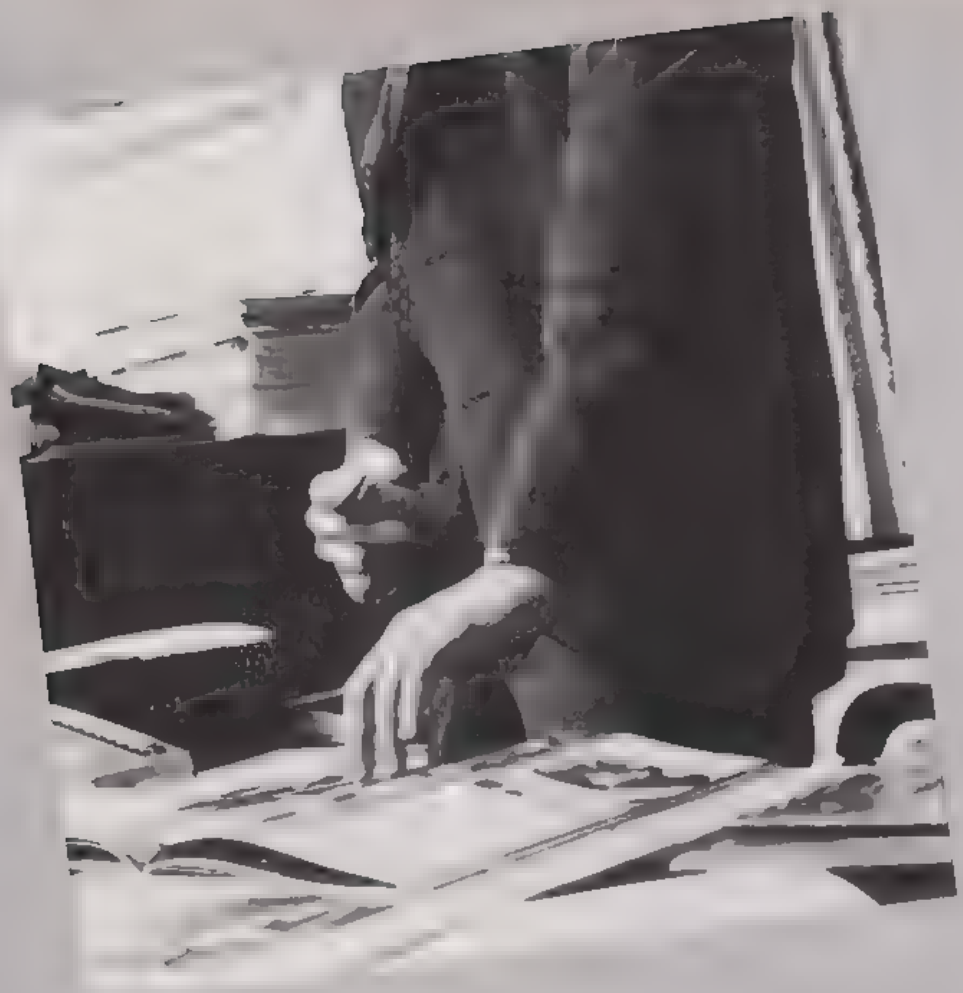
I had thought I would be lonely and, at first, I was. But who could be sad for long at a place as busy as The Ulna-Iliac? I nearly teamed up with a replacement right after my roomie, Eric, washed out. Nice enough kid from downstate but so awfully *young*. (I'm a good ten years older than most of the students.) I have my typing. I keep my own hours. I don't smoke. I keep my kitchen nice. So you might say I was kind of glad to see a man my own age—maybe a little older—take the vacancy immediately across the alley right opposite mine.

I'm in the Ulna and he's in the Iliac, so he did not use my stairway nor my bank of mailboxes nor garbage chute. I had no idea where he did his grocery shopping and, though I looked for him at both the straight bar and the gay bar in the next block, I saw him only through the alley window. Most of us in the building have dragged in a few personal pieces of furniture and put up either drapes or blinds. He only brought in two or three suitcases, and his window offered an uncluttered glimpse into his bedroom. Other than his bed and dresser, the new tenant's sleeping space was graced only by a small radio and a large wall calendar.

An assortment of magazines littered his narrow bed and, each evening before his light went out, he would page through the lot, tossing one after another to the floor, finally selecting one that seemed to hold his attention. He was not student material and, judging from the spasmodic twitchings and violent upheavals in his pelvic region, he wasn't reading news magazines. My neighbor beat himself off with a regularity that was amazing. But sad.

I could only presume that the man undressed, put on pajamas, brushed his teeth, pissed, and went to sleep like the rest of us. However, after the nightly ritual, a hand stretched to the wall switch, off went the bare ceiling bulb, and the room remained dark. The routine never varied until, apparently, the magazines lost their charm. Then he would stretch out on his green chenille spread, glazed eyes fastened upon one wall. Against the dingy wallpaper, closest to the window, starkly lighted by the single bulb, hung a garish calendar proclaiming JANUARY and its 31 days. One of the more expensive "Hunk-Of-The-Month" calendars, it celebrated the current month with a full-color, extremely artistic photograph of a healthy blond giant flaunting his nudity as he whizzed downhill on skis. I would have bought that calendar myself, having drooled over it at the bookstore more than once. But the damned thing cost 25 bucks.

The guy's silent communion with his calendar fantasy, unlike the previous quickies with his batch of cheap porno mags, was a slow, hour-long ceremony. Always fully dressed, one hand occupied with a cigaret, the other hand resting casually over the bulge at his crotch, he would hardly have caught the eye of your average Peeping Tom. He might have been any tired business man catching a breather before setting out for an evening with friends or a nightly stop at his favorite bar. But this



man *never* went out. In about 45 minutes my patience would be rewarded. The cigaret would be stubbed out. The neat tie would be loosened. Collar opened. A frantic unbuckling of the belt. Then, zipper yanked down, both hands would unleash from white cotton briefs a swelling cock demanding immediate attention. Not even the sizeable dual grasp of those hairy-backed hands, working the bulk of the shaft, could conceal that column of flesh and its angrily-fevered red knob.

As though mesmerized by the nude on the wall, the eyes paid no heed to the mad exhibition between his legs—until the sudden acceleration burst into a fountain, seven separate impulses shooting hot white liquid against dark trousers. Then lights out. Miles from snowy slopes.

A rush job for a local lady novelist kept me at my typing nights as well as days. For five weeks I had to neglect my post at the alley window, even though I knew I was missing hot peep shows of that desperate mystery man and his magnificent, tireless cock. Knowing every page of that stimulating calendar by heart—God knows I had spent a good half-hour checking it out at the book store until the nasty little clerk pointed out their "No Browsing" sign—I began to imagine the juicy trysts being provoked by the cute little FEBRUARY number. I recalled *that* one. Dimpled butt. Legs widely apart to frame dangling testicles and just enough of the resting cock sporting an appropriately heart-shaped red corona. A Valentine no man could refuse.

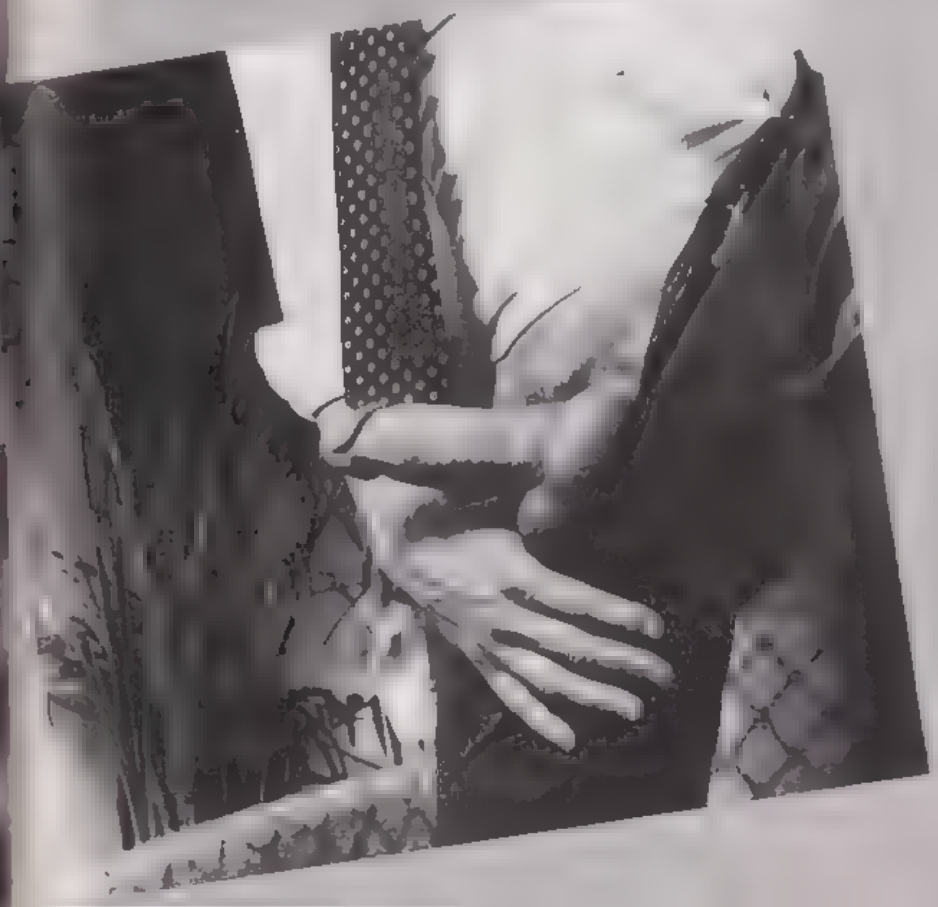
It was well into March when I finally finished my typing assignment. Resuming my watch one evening, I was not a moment too soon. My star performer was already into a heated session with "Mr. March," represented by one of filmdom's sexiest young newcomers. One of those tacky supermarket tabloids had announced that "a certain hunky leading man had tried in vain to buy back the too-candid shot sold before his agent could caution him." This tidbit alone had resulted in a nationwide sellout of the calendar. Fans all over the U.S., in possession of this locker room art pose, saw all the intimate details: uncircumcized, shaved balls and pubic area contrasting strangely with the carpet of dense black hair that ran from Adam's apple clear down to ankles; nipples that stood more proudly than most of the nipples adorning the lady stars; a rudely-projecting "outsie" belly-button and a neat butterfly tattoo on the left ass cheek.

I lay on my own bed, prepared to be comfortable, as most of my cocky neighbor's whack-offs were long, drawn out, leisurely operations. All was as usual across the way except that this time the chenille spread was folded back, a lamp had been added to the decor and it threw additional light onto the serious business of pumping that tower of hard meat, and the dark blue trousers had been removed and hung on the back of the door. Dry-cleaning was undoubtedly becoming a big expense. It was good to see that, although he still wore starched white shirt and that fucking "nine-to-five" necktie, he had cast off his shorts, allowing me my first glimpse of a surprisingly muscular pair of legs, good feet, and a pair of balls that hugged the base of his dick

My window was partly open and his must have been open at least a crack because, just as his fully engorged cock exploded—cum propelled halfway to the ceiling—I could hear the guy's cry of triumph. Faint but unmistakeable, it was more a cry of anguish than victory. There was no joy. And maybe that's why, for me, I'd rather fuck the ugliest stranger than resort to the lonely solo affair. This time he cleaned up with a towel, switched off both lights and, presumably, continued to lie there in the dark listening to the barely audible laughter and conversation of Johnny Carson. As the commercial came on, I thought to myself: Man, woman, or mountain goat. Arrow-straight, gay, or bi. Isn't *anything* preferable to the waste of the heat and energy expended by a horny bastard spilling it all by himself?

I resolved to do something about the situation. I have always been first to call on the sick and needy. In my time I have played matchmaker with uncanny results. And more than one stray mongrel now lives the life of a pampered pet all because I feel that loneliness is such an unfortunate, but easily corrected, state. Chastity, I always say, is the only *real* perversion. So—since it was close to mid-semester vacation—I decided to get off my ass and take charge.

My sainted mother taught me early on that when things looked their dreariest you brightened the day with a party.



Getting people together, whether they be friends, strangers, enemies, or bill collectors, was our family remedy for almost any disaster. This dude's plight qualified as a top priority emergency. Heightening the urgency was this latest sight of him without his pants. In all honesty, and I swear it, it was his legs that got to me. And the feet. Feet tell so much about a person's character.

A good party had to be organized. And you can't do it all on your own. You pick at least two people you can really count on, so I lost no time in running downstairs to commandeer Sven and Howard. Both are honor students and will finish top of their class. When they study, they study. That's why the rest of the building seldom sees much of them. But when they play, they *play*. Sven fucks like crazy and Howard loves to be fucked; no nonsense about either of them. So I rang their bell, broached the idea of a party, and they fell in with it at once. They had, on more than one occasion, come up and joined me on the bed, staying for the free show. The episode with "Mr. April"—a classy bare-assed gent trying to open an umbrella—was slower than usual. Our neighbor was becoming more inventive; before addressing himself to the naked

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model, the guy next door stripped naked. He must have done a bit of shopping down at the Leather N'Things Arcade; he strapped on a complicated double cock ring that encircled both scrotum and penis. His usual routine, enhanced by all this extra preparation, induced an impromptu threesome with Sven, Howard, and me. When it was over they went back to their books, but not before agreeing that our Mr. Lonelyheart must somehow be brought into the mainstream.

Having glimpsed the full package, I was strengthened in my determination to rescue this poor soul. Everybody chipped in. The word spread like wildfire and within a couple of weeks we had a dozen tenants cleaning up the roof and readying the pergola pavillion. Give them paper lanterns, pillows, candles, and enough vodka, and a bunch of gays can really put a bash together. It was Sven who dreamed up the theme. (He had arranged enough college dances to know that you started with a theme.) It was so simple, yet so absolutely fitting, and the whole idea worked itself out. We already had 12 of the best-looking dudes in town, and there were 12 months in the year, so we had a "Calendar" party!

No clothing required. Only a few props. We would give our guest of honor a whole year of fantasies come true. Fresh young faces, fresh young cocks and asses, and all of them life-size and real—from January straight through to December and a hunky Santa minus his red pants. Sven opted for nude skier, Mr. January, as he owned a great pair of skis—and the pole. Howard settled for February, sweet little Valentine as always. The rest of the months were up for grabs.

Because I was the Pearl Mesta of the building, I was the one to issue the invitation. Rather than risk breaking in on our honoree during one of his "dates," I went over in the early part of the evening as soon as I glanced over and saw that he had come home from work. If he was surprised to see me, there was no sign of shock. His living room was as bare as his bedroom. However, there was a modest collection of both paperback and hard cover books on a brick-and-plank arrangement of shelves running below the windows. So he didn't spend *all* of his time jacking off, I thought to myself.

It occurred to me that I had never heard his voice—other than the occasional crying out when he came. When he spoke I was pleased and warmed by a baritone that might have gone places. "Sit on the couch. The chair isn't too

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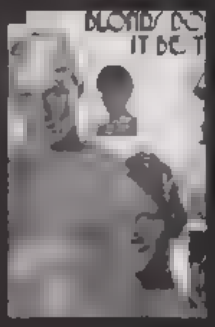

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safe," he advised me. The couch was small and he joined me wearing only a T-shirt and tan chino cut-offs. With his bare feet he looked pretty much like one of us natives rather than the traveling salesman just off the bus from Des Moines. I was wishing he would put those bare feet up onto my lap and let me play with them. I came to the point, concentrating on those eyes that broke whatever ice there might have been

"A bunch of us are throwing a roof party Saturday night and we'd like you to join us. It'll be hot so come just as you are"

"Why, thanks very much. Very neighborly. Anything I can bring?"

"Just ice, maybe. And if you want to stop by my apartment first, I'll show you where the ladder is. It's kind of tricky," I explained, adding, "I live directly across from you. Our bedrooms face each other"

"Yes, I know," he smiled. "You've got the bedroom with all the mirrors. Real fancy." And as he smiled again, I wondered what he might have seen reflected in my mirrored wall

"See you around eight thirty, then," and I offered my name

And my neighbor offered his: "Von Richthausen. But don't choke on it!" (There was more to this sober customer than met the eye.)

Friday came, and along with it, the first taste of summer. It was hot! And so was the crowd. And, as always, whenever there's a new bod on the scene, all the attention was centered around Von. Being introduced to 12 beautiful young guys, all of them naked, didn't seem to faze him. He must have sensed that he was looking at his secret calendar come to life, especially with Sven on his skis so graphically lifted right off Von's own pages. By the time Von had met everybody—right on through October, November, and the lewd, heavy-hung Santa portrayed by big Andy Anderson—he had accepted drinks from all hands. He and I—not being "months"—were the only two in clothes. And if I say so myself—and it's true—Von and I actually looked sexier and more distinctive than the entire mob. Von had stripped down to his faded cut-offs, and I sported a pair of imported little Belgian tank shorts that exaggerates the crotch to the point of obscenity. With competition like Sven, Howard, and Andy, I was glad that I had chosen to mask rather than parade my so-so equipment. Doubly glad when I wised up to the fact that Von—once he had gotten over the initial shock of all that really outstanding stuff—kept fairly close to me. The two of us were at least

Continued to page 84

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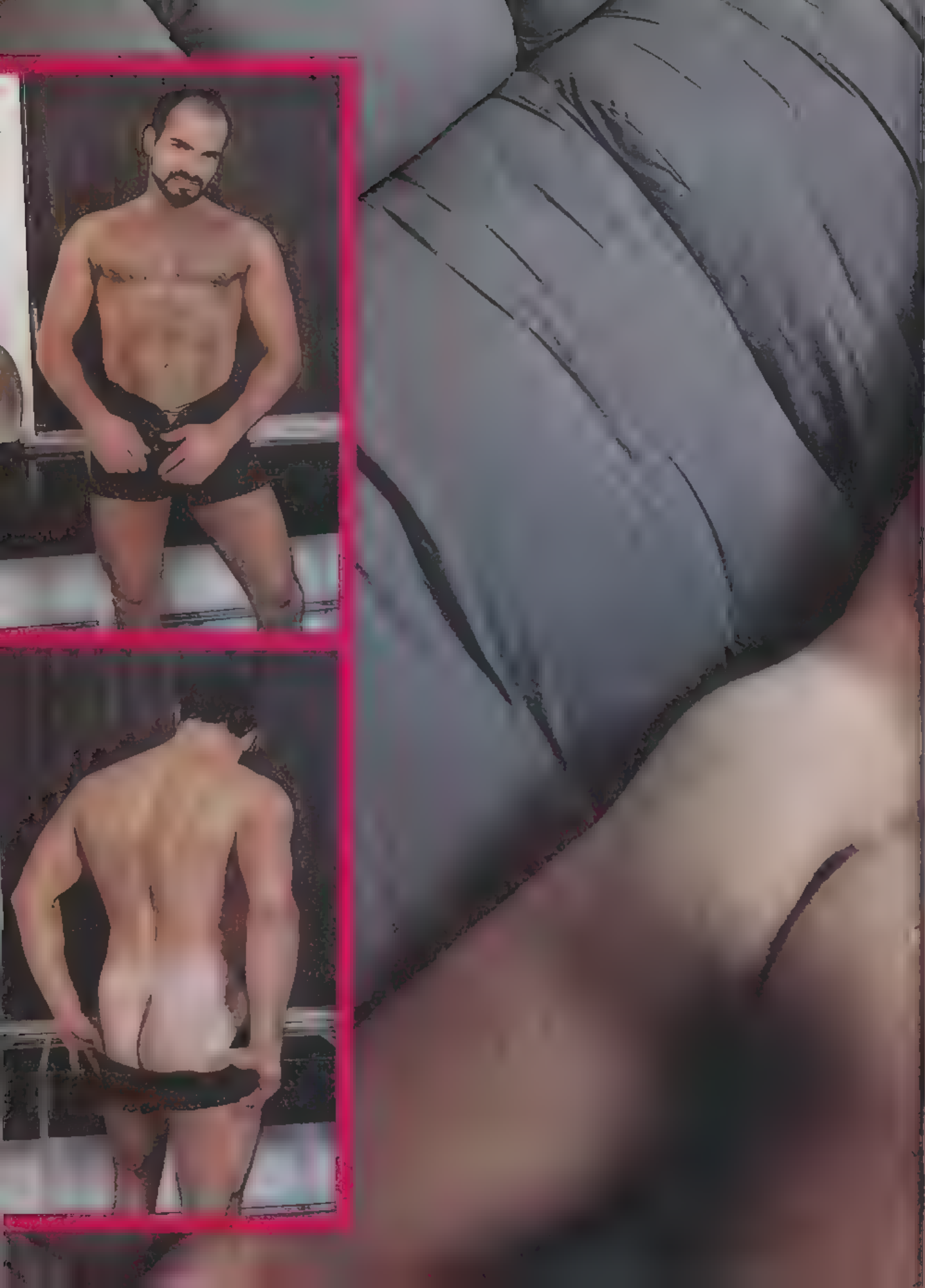
GRIZZLY



GRIZZLY

GRIZZLY
HOW ABOUT DOING SOME CLOSE

THIRTEENTH MAN

Continued from page 76

ten years older than any of the others. We drifted away from the crowd and stretched out beside each other. Pillows and a mattress protected us from the tar-and-pebble roof.

There was plenty going on in the pergola and couples shared privacy all over various parts of the roof. I had wondered for days which of the twelve fantasies would be the one to really capture his imagination. I had guessed that it might be Howard, our little Valentine, as few guys could resist his natural sweetness, good personality, and tough little gymnast's body.

"I like your friends," Von volunteered, and I wondered again whom he would single out, maybe ask a few questions in order to find out who belonged to whom—all the little details a person likes to check before he hits heavy on somebody new. When he rose, I supposed it was to leave the mattress and join the activity in the now-darkened pergola, perhaps to seek out some particular "month." But he merely stood there, looking out over the lights of the city, oblivious to the sounds of happy couplings. Before I was aware of it, he had slipped out of his cut-offs and lay naked beside me. There was enough moon so that I could see that cock that I already knew so well—if only from a distance of 20 feet—and those strong, capable hands—how well I knew *them*. I deftly pulled down my tank shorts.

When we touched there was none of the feverish anxiety and blind one-track sexuality that I might have expected. What happened between us is best explained as more like the coming-together of lovers who have returned after a long, painful absence. It was more like a reunion than an initiation.

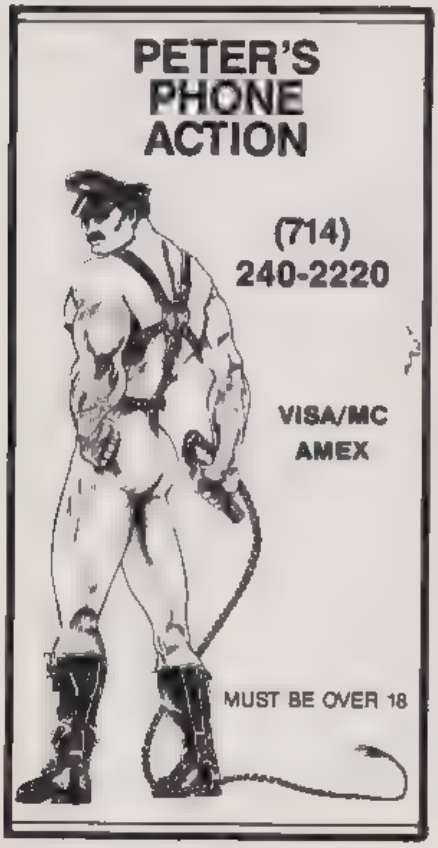
"Let's go down to my place," Von suggested. "It's long been in need of a house warming."

Naked, the two of us made our way down the ladder in the darkness, and through the passageway over into his building. In his dark bedroom, the light from my own bedroom threw a half-light across his walls and onto the bed where we lay. As we talked and touched and explored, it was nice to feel that we had all the time in the world and that we each had a friend to spend it with.

Something was missing. The calendar was gone from the wall. He read my mind; "It's gone," he said. "It's only June, but I don't need it anymore."

I looked toward my own window. Once again, he must have read my mind for he said, "I used to watch you in those mirrors. I used to watch you taking your shower."

I think it was after a week of showering—together—that Von moved over to my side of the alley. And that was almost a whole year ago—if you were keeping track by a calendar. ■



A TOP MAN

Continued from page 51

Nothing had ever tasted as good as that load of salty-sweet cum.

"All weekend we sucked and fucked one another until there wasn't a drop of jizm left in either of us."

"And where is he now?"

Harley shrugged. "He went back into the Air Force, and we lost track of one another. You know how it goes." He rolled over and ran his fingers through my hair as he declared, "Enough about Chute. You're every bit as fine a top man as he was. No damn body ever gave me a finer plugging than you, and I want to show my appreciation in the best of ways....but, of course, only if you ask me to."

With that, he double-checked the ropes that he'd used to tie me to his bed, set a bottle of mineral oil on the bed table, and started weaving his tongue between my quivering toes. ■

MAN SEARCH

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The cost for a HONCHO ad is 50¢ per word.
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AD DEADLINE	ON SALE
11/1/85	2/1/86
12/1/85	3/1/86
1/1/86	4/1/86
2/1/86	5/1/86
3/1/86	6/1/86
4/1/86	7/1/86

All ads are listed by state, except for commercial ads, which will appear under that heading. Since HONCHO will not be involved in forwarding responses to ads, please include the complete address, including zip code, where you may receive correspondence resulting from your ad. Ads will not be printed without an address or post office box number. A telephone number may be included, but HONCHO will take no responsibility for verifying such numbers.

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City, State, Zip

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ARIZONA

DADDY'S BOY/SLAVE.

Sought for monogamous relationship by 6', 165 lbs, 38, mature, stable, industrious, masculine, straight acting and appearing, supportive, extremely affectionate and cuddly who seeks the same. You: like deep throat, body worship, light B&D, are intelligent, good looking, 18-28, athletic, muscular, and extremely smooth hairless skinned guy. Must be able to relocate. No drugs, cigarettes and drink occasionally. Robert, 5823 North Invergordon Road, Scottsdale, AZ 85253.

HOT & HORNY COWBOY

Masculine GWM, 20, 6', 180 lbs., with 8 juicy inches seeks correspondence with other REAL MEN. Nude photo & letter gets mine. Rick, Box 32452, Tucson, AZ 85751

ALABAMA

PENPALS

Attractive GWM, 24, 5'8", 150, brown/blue, versatile, seeks correspondents 18-35. Letter w/photo, fantasies. Paul, PO. Box 550295, Birmingham, AL 35255-0295.

ATHLETIC, HOT STUD

Looking for sexy, exciting correspondence with possible meeting. Your nude photo and letter gets mine. Occupant, 1508 So. 33rd St., Apt. L, Birmingham, AL 35205.

CALIFORNIA

DEEP THROAT WANTS YOU

W/M, 27, 5'10", 150, brn, blue, F/A-P, G/P, attractive seeks man 18/37 who are hung 8½" or bigger. Small cocks are a turn off. I'd love to go all the way down your shaft to your balls (even your 13" John Holmes). No wierdos, fats, or phone sex calls. If interested write c/o PO Box 71347, Los Angeles, CA 90071 or call 213/385-2426. PS. Correspondence from any state or country welcome

TWO VERSATILE EAST BAY

w/Buddies, 35/40 looking for 3rd. We're into leather, boots, uniforms, toys, tits, balls, bondage, D/S, creative safe-sex. Want to play? Tell us about yourself, your fantasies. 484 Lakepark #190, Oakland, CA 94670

COCK SLAVERY

Attractive GWM, 32, 6'2", 150 lbs, dark hair, beard wants imaginative partners into extended oral workouts. Obedience, deep throat work, force-feeding, cock worship. Mutual preferred but will train. Also, fucking (condoms), bondage, titwork. Must be hairy, bearded, sensitive, fit and hung 7" plus as I am. Foto and fantasies to Tom, 240 Sanchez, SF, CA 94114.

COLORADO

VERY SEXY SEEKS SAME

Sexy, intelligent, gdlkg stud seeks same 18-35. Photo gets mine. Box 167, Greeley, CO 80631

NEEDS GOOD FUCK

Horny GWM 6', 170, 28, Green/br. beard seeks dominant daddy. Daddy must be 30-55—big, thick cock very important. Nude photo and letter gets mine. Mike, 1337 Corona #2, Denver, CO 80218

CONNECTICUT

FRIENDS/PEN PALS

Good looking/straight acting Bi/WM, 23, 5'6", 160 lbs., brown/green seeks same for hot times. No weirdos or drugs. Photo and address. Allen, PO Box 133, Trumbull, CT 06611

FLORIDA

GWM, 31, 6', 157 LBS.

Brown/blue, bearded, seeks masculine, sensitive guy for friendship/long-term relationship. NO smoking/drugs. Send photo. PO Box 2726, Pinellas Park, Florida 34290-2726.

GAINESVILLE AREA

Straight acting, GWM, 37, 5'10", 155 lbs, seeks friendship and/or relationship. PO Box 2313, Gainesville, FL 32602 with photo.

BREVARD GWM COUPLE

Seeks other couples for new friendships, sharing activities, entertaining, talking and visiting. Let's meet! P&R, Box 503, Sharpes, FL 32959-503

SINCERE YOUNG ENDOWED "STUD" SEEKS ENDOWED "DADDY"

Much to share. Please send photo, nude preferably. Yours gets mine, you won't be disappointed! 1661 Poinsettia Dr., Fort Lauderdale, FL 33305 Resident

BALL WORSHIPPERS WANTED!

GWM 6'9" 245 Br and Br, 11 long inches of sac and nuts for you to play with. For fun and games. (Can you master them and me) I love outdoor fun and games. Mark E. Cole, 10740 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami, FL 33168

SOLID EX-MARINE,

23, Blond and Blue with Five-Star Fuckrod desires Man to Man correspondence and photo swap with Sailing Men/Soldiers/Outdoorsmen (18-30). Discretion assured—Ian Dressler, Box 1601, Longwood, FL 32750

GEORGIA

STUD BROTHERS

Ranchers. Clint: 40, 5'9", 160. Bi Hairy. Salt/pepper hair/moustache. Hung 9" × 5½" around. Mike: 30, 6', 165. Straight. Tan. Black hair/moustache. Hung 8½" × 5" around. Invite letters, calls, and visits from masculine men, especially those who travel in our area regularly. Esp. truckers, hardhats, military, lawmen, firemen, and salesmen. We are for real. You be, too. WE DO NOT WANT PHONE SEX. We want the real thing. CTJ, PO. Box 1782, Americus, GA 31709 (912) 924-4038, weekdays, 8AM–5PM; some nights 9–11PM. Ask for Clint or Mike.

MASCULINE, MUSCULAR

Healthy hot man into 35mm self-photography, bikinis, p/o sessions. M.M., PO. Box 1472, Lilburn, GA 30247

VERY WEALTHY

Masculine Top GWM 34 seeks young man ?-22 for companionship. Must be honest, clean, and willing to relocate. I have much to offer. Only sincere boys need apply. Box 3205, Atlanta, GA 30302

HAIRY FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Seeking pilots, F/A's, ramp or ground crew—Coast to Coast. I'm handsome, 6', 170, 30, W/M. Ready to overnight and travel. Photo gets mine. Box 20315, Atlanta, GA 30325.

ILLINOIS

LONELY, Y/W/M

Seeking relationship with caring person. Very talented in many ways, would like to meet responsible male over 25 yrs, good personality and want to have a good time. I like some sports, music, movies, dancing, quiet times

and cooking because I own my own restaurant. Write to P.O. Box 83, DeKalb, IL 60115, send name and address and I'll write back. Not into B&D, S&M, or sickos.

INDIANA

FOR BLACK MEN ONLY!

Feminine W/M seeks you T.L. Pease, Box 32 LSH, Logansport, IN 46947

HOT STUD WANTS YOU

into fucking, sucking, S/M, piss, and bondage. Call (317)457-7491 Talk dirty to me! Send letter and picture to Rusty C., 2301 S. Dixon Rd., Kokomo, IN 46901

KENTUCKY

GWM, 5' 9", 185, 21.

Needs Daddy, friends, companions. Box 299, Burgin, KY 40310.

LOUISIANA

ALTERNATIVE

For a change in style or color—Men's Human Hair full wigs—uncut 6 to 8 inch lengths—Beards etc. Send SASE to A.Y.L.I. Office, PO Box 740339, New Orleans, LA 70174

AN INTER-RACIAL AFFAIR

I'm a Black Gay. Want to meet a nice sexy white guy. If you are 8 in size or more, we could have a for real relationship. Send photo, not necessary, but I would like very much a reply. Melvin Pratt, 1417 Houston St., Leesville, LA 71446.

MICHIGAN

WM, 39, MARRIED, MASCULINE,

Congenial, Discreet For Fun/Friendship P.O. Box 91 Muskegon MI 49443

MINNESOTA

SLAVE BOY NEEDS MASTER

Very young looking white boy, 18, seeks Master who can teach me how to be a good slave. Need a housboy or servant? I am willing to relocate. Please send photo and phone number to Box 13876, Roseville, MN 55113.

MISSOURI

BODYBUILDER

Masculine GWM, 5' 10", 195 lbs. Attractive, seeks same, Ages 20-35 (sexy), for prolonged cock play, etc. with yours and mine. Personal and sexy data and photos gets reply. PO Box 40305, Kansas City, MO 64141.

NEBRASKA

GWM-SUBMISSIVE-BOTTOM

Medium build, 35, 5'2½", 135 lbs., straight acting Seeks dominant, muscular, horny, cut hunks with hairy chests in need of oral stimulation Hot mouth and ass needs your big thick tool Truckers Welcome. Discretion a must. No Fats, Fems, Blacks. P.O. Box 31415, Omaha, NE 68131

NEW JERSEY

COLLEGE STUDENT

Seeks same for friendship. Relationship or sex possible. Penpals OK. Box 772, Northfield, NJ 08225.

NORTH JERSEY NEEDS HELP

GWM 33 5'8" 185 lb. Br Hair, Gr Eyes. Just moved to NJ and looking for friend to share good times. Enjoy reading, music, quiet romantic evenings. Honest, sincere, straight acting, looking for same. Sexually versatile and health conscious. Send photo and letter to Bob, P.O. Box 538, Sparta, NJ 07871

GWM 5'7" 145

Brn blue seeks masc. gays for friends, good times. Pen pals P.O. Box 7224, Rochelle Park, NJ 07662

GWM 38, 5'9"

Brn/Brn, 165. Versatile, Friendly, Fr/Act/Pass Seeks Masc. Gay/Bis For Good Times. Bob, P.O. Box 1245, Union, N J 07083

GWM-37-5'7"-137 LBS.

Beard - brown hair/blue eyes - gym defined - trim - versatile - educated professional - wants to meet guys in area for friends, companionship, play - no smokers, drugs, fats or fems - Write. Paul, PO Box 1077, Vernon, NJ 07462

NEW YORK

BIMWM

30, good looking, 155, hot & horny. Wants other hot men for safe, fun times. Discretion assured. If you're horny for dick with no hassles, contact David, Box 134 Dewitt, NY 13214.

HORNY 19 YR OLD VIRGIN

W/M 5'5", 130 lbs., extremely good looking, dark, sensual skin with cute ass just waiting for you. If you are white, good looking, have a gorgeous body, and are 18-24 yrs. old, show me how great sex with another guy is. Nude photo and phone a must: Box 353, Elmont NY 11003.

TOP/BOTTOM

BI/W/M 32 looking for same to have fun and explore together Write your fantasies to PO Box 24661 Rochester, NY 14624

HOT MOUTH

craves hairy, masculine men (25-45) GWM, 31, 5'9", 150 lbs., hairy body. Handsome and hung. No cock has ever penetrated my tight butt Looking for businessmen, preppies, athletes, married men. Send descriptive letter/revealing photo. CR, 600 W. 58th St., Suite 9150, NYC 10019

GOOD LOOKING/GWM

I am looking for a Greek or Turkish guy 19-30, good looking, to enjoy love, sex and life. I could share everything with the right person No fats, fems, drugs, S/M Nice cock and big welcome. Send photo. 892 Spur Dr. So., Bay Shore, NY 11706

HOT COLLEGE FRESHMAN

Attractive, gentle, sincere. Live next to Fingerlakes Mall Seeks men up to 35 for friends, good times, sex Possible relationship. Box 238 Fosterville Road Auburn NY 13021

BIG HOT JOCKS WANTED
by tall horny guy, 27, 6' 4", 190 lbs. (212) 874-0296

TWO YNG GUYS
Seek yng well defined Body Builders. Tony (718) 762-2544, Box 1026, Woodside, NY 11377-1026.

BUTCH LITTLE HUMP
Looking for lover. I get enuff tricks w/o an ad. Me 5'4", 125, 36C, 28W, 8 thick cut, brn/brn hairy chest moustache. Into film, photog, travel, cruising. Successful, versatile. You are short, blond, uncut, hairy legs. I m almost 40 but due to a wild and misspent youth I easily pass for 27. Steve Hirsch, 241 6th Avenue, NYC 10014.

OHIO

GWM,19, 5'9", 155
Br/Blu college jock inexperienced, but eager to learn everything. Anxious to meet you soon! Worldwide Correspondence, too. All letters answered. Write, Terry Love, 11650 W. US Rt. 224, Alvada, OH 44802

OREGON

35 YR OLD DAD,
Needs son 20 or younger. Good looking and very hairy. Photo and phone gets mine. L.B., 1451 Salishan S.E., Salem, OR 97302

PENNSYLVANIA

SINCERE, LONELY, ATTRACTIVE
GWM (38, 150 lbs, beard, moustache) looking for others for friendship, possible relationship. P.O. Box 1683, Pittsburgh, PA 15230.

YNG, BLOND SLAVE
Seeks Yng Levi/top (18-30) gdlkng smooth bod & well hung. Me: 6'4", 128 lbs., thick 8½" cut, hot, tight ass. Seek blonds, long hairs, cowboys, military types and jocks. Dig B/D, W/S, CBT/T, fucking, sucking, fisting, rimming, feet, dildoes, verbal abuse, humiliation, toys, showing, oiltrips, smoke, amyl/ethyl, "fun drugs," 3-ways. Send photo/phone to Bryan, 181 S. 17th St., Pgh, PA 15203, or call (412) 683-7384 wknds. Sincere only.

FRIENDS & LOVERS
Dom GBM 59 155 lbs Seeking long term relationship with submissive male 18-27 yrs. South Central PA area. No fats fems or tvs. Occupant, PO Box 166, Lebanon, PA 17402

BGM 25, 5' 10", 137 LBS.
Seeks WGM 20-30 in Loyalsack for long term serious relationship. Business mind, honest, mature, tall, slim, masculine build, straight appearance, hung one lover man. Only serious need reply. Photo, phone, 717-323-1599.

NORTHWESTERN PA,
Or Western NY. Bi, 128, 5'6" White, Good build, Athletic, 42. Write and include photo. Jack Anderson, Box 982, Ellicottville, NY 14731

HARRISBURG AREA
GWM, 22, blond, blue, 5'3", 170 lbs. Handsome, good personality, sincere, straight looking/acting. Seeking same to 30 for friendship and possible relationships. Please include photo. Write to Ernie, PO Box 6, Millersburg, PA 17061

SOUTH CAROLINA

BWM PROFESSIONAL
Seeks same for sincere friendship. Likes sports, workouts, outdoors. Occupant, PO Box 168, Aiken, SC 29802

TEXAS

NEED FT HOOD AREA DADDY
G/Mex/26 yrs/Bl hair/Br eyes/6 inch uncut cock/130 lbs. Need Ft Hood area Daddy to service and worship his manly body. For hot manly cuddle and horny sex. Like all types of music, jogging, dancing, movies, quiet times. I don't smoke or do any heavy drinking. No SM/BD, Fats, Fems, Scat, Pain, Blacks, Mex, Orient. Just horny hot manly men who wants daddy's little man to service him. Write Bobby Garcia, 204 Allen St, Coppers Cove, TX 76522 (817) 547-8064

TEXAS MAVERICK NEEDS TAMIN'
Like my sex hot and rough. Afterwards cold beer, hot shower, warm sleep if you're man enough. 5710 Glenmount, Apartment 104, Houston, TX 77081 713-668-9912 "JAKE"

VERSATILE WEST TEXAN
G/W/M 35-5'10"-145. Interested in meeting new friends for fun and good times. Call Steve at 915-447-2188. No J/O calls please.

WISCONSIN

GWM 26, 6' 195 lbs.
Well hung but inexperienced seeks blond WM for mutual enjoyment, into sucking and being sucked. Your photo gets mine. Scotty. Box 11344 Shorewood, WI 53211

HAIRY, HORNY, GWM 32
Seeks bareassed buddies 18-42 for naked fun, outdoor sex. Your hard-on photo gets mine. PO Box 1085, Madison, WI 53701

PEN PALS WANTED
especially other guys who had hot times with adult males before they were 16 or 17. PO Box 14362, Milwaukee, WI 53214

INTERNATIONAL

NEW IN VANCOUVER
Would love to suck you. Also enjoys mutual J/O and water sports. GWM mid 30's. Bi's welcome also. Call 681-6000

28, 6', 165 LBS.
Slim, well-hung, loves groupies, leather, bondage, S&M, golden showers, fisting & fucking partners 21-49. Please write Jason, 280 Wellesley St. E., Apt. 2812, Toronto, Ontario M4X 1G7

SEASON'S GREETINGS
I want to wish the Greek Action Studs and lonely people a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year. And I want to thank all the guys that replied to my ad last Xmas. It was quite a surprise for me. I didn't expect to hear from anyone. Bernard MacPherson, 432 Jarvis St, Apt. 603, Toronto, ONT M4Y 2H3

GERMANY
Blond, sensuous stud 27/6'/130 looking for exciting, amusing correspondence and lustful meetings. Box 1726, 4620 Castrop-Rauxel, W. Germany.

HAIRY FLIGHT ATTENDANT
See "GEORGIA"

37, CHINESE,
5'9" tall, black hair, brown eyes, with 7" cut horny tool, want to write and meet sincere guys with hairy body or with moustache for serious relationship 30-60. I love swimming, boating, fishing horse-riding, sun-bathing, cooking, travel, gardening and photography. I'm slim and hairless, and active. Jose Po Tan, PO Box 764, Cebu City 6401, Philippines

GWM 30'S
Seeks friends, playmates for good times. Please enclose a photo for faster reply. #1208-610-4 Ave SW, Calgary. Alberta T2P 0K1, Canada

INTERNATIONAL/GERMANY
Handsome German, tall, 186m, cut 7", looking for straight men age about 35-40, for contact and correspondence H. Weyand, Gartenstr. 6, 5480 Remagen W. Germany.

WOULD LIKE DUTCH,
England, Sweden gay 19-32. My age 35. Very straight acting and good job. Would help with schooling. Will answer letters with nude photo and address S.S., PO Box 61, Crooksville, OH 43731 614/697-7329 10 pm to 8 am.

COMMERCIAL

HORNY TOAD
Smelly, sweaty piss stained, cum streaked used jock w J/O letter & picture of wearer just $15. Hot cassettes, "Piss," "Dirty Jokes," "Master's Orders," "The Cop Calls." $10 each. Videos too! SIR, PO Box 14425, SF, CA 94114

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1-718-225-9430

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Call a hot young stud at (415) 976-5959, only $1.50 per call plus toll, must be over 18. California residents only.

OVER 100 RESTAURANTS
and bars for sale in the Greater New York area and U.S. Virgin Islands. DWYER BUSINESS SALES, INC., 128 Court Street, White Plains, New York (914) 997-2534.

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Of young macho chicos offers unique Salsa Latina nude erotic photo sampler. $12.00 prepaid to over 21. From: Boyeros, PO Box 958, Dorado, Puerto Rico 00646.

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Ex-hustler sells it over the phone. Hot, hung, musc. & shoots big loads. Get on your knees and start dialing. MC-VISA (212) 691-3850.

SELECT-A-STUD
Personal encounters, photos, phone fantasies. Credit cards accepted. Worldwide service. Also hiring. 813-823-5629 anytime.

DICK AND MORE!
Big, sizzling-hot, uncensored national cock-adlists. Nude/erotic infopixpak $3.00. AD-MEN, 59 West 10th, NYC 10011

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6th year of the club for healthy men into giving/receiving rear French. Info, $2. Box 623-RFH, New York, NY 10013.

HANDYMAN: THE J/O CLUB
For men seeking a safe sex alternative. You can hold your own or lend a hand (or both!). Info $2. AAM, PO Box 623-H, New York, NY 10013.

PISS SOMEONE OFF! (OR GET A FLOW JOB!)
Rainmakers: the complete water sports club for men into golden showers and/or enemas. Info $2. Box 623-RMH, New York, NY 10013.

LIKE TO FUCK? (OR GET FUCKED?)
American-Greek Alliances: 4th year of the club which gets Greek actives into Greek passives!! Info. $2, Box 623-AGH, New York, NY 10013

GET INTO SOMEONE'S SHORTS
Undercoverman: the jockey shorts, jockstrap, all-underwear fetish club for men. Info $2. Box 623-UCH, New York, NY 10013

BLOW SOMEONE'S SOCKS OFF!
Footman: 6th sensational year of the world's longest running boot, shoe, socks, sneakers and bare feet club! Info $2. Box 623, FMH, New York, NY 10013

LIVE PERSONALS
1-718-225-9430 (24 hour tape)

NEW YORK MODEL & ESCORT
Pretty black guy. Smooth olive skin. Robby. Morning, Noon or Night (212) 534-7550

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AMERICAN MALE
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FOOTMAN 6TH YEAR!
The Boot, Shoe, Socks, Sneakers and Bare Feet club for Men

RAINMAKERS. 4TH YEAR
Complete water sports club for men into golden showers and enemas.

HANDYMAN THE J/O CLUB
For men seeking a safe sex alternative. Man to man or phone j/o.

AMERICA-GR ALLIANCE
5th year of club which gets Greek actives into Greek passives!
INFO: $2 for each club. AAM PO Box 623-H, New York, NY 10013

"COLLEGE JOCK" IN MANHATTAN!
New York's hottest model/escort for your pleasure. 6'2", smooth chest, 9" thick, discreet & friendly Midtown location. Robert (212) 734-4185.

ORGANIZATIONS

HOTTEST J/O WORKOUT GROUP.
Apply Box 303, Dallas, TX 75221

BEAT YOUR MEAT
With NY's Hottest Horniest Dudes! Weekly J/O Group in Manhattan and nationwide Phonesex club. Box D-34, 496 Hudson Street, NY, NY 10014, 1-212-420-9118 or 1-718-225-1943.

PHONESEX
Get off over the phone—call NOW—(313) 239-0940. Become a member and receive Free Phone Calls! 10pm-3am MC/VISA

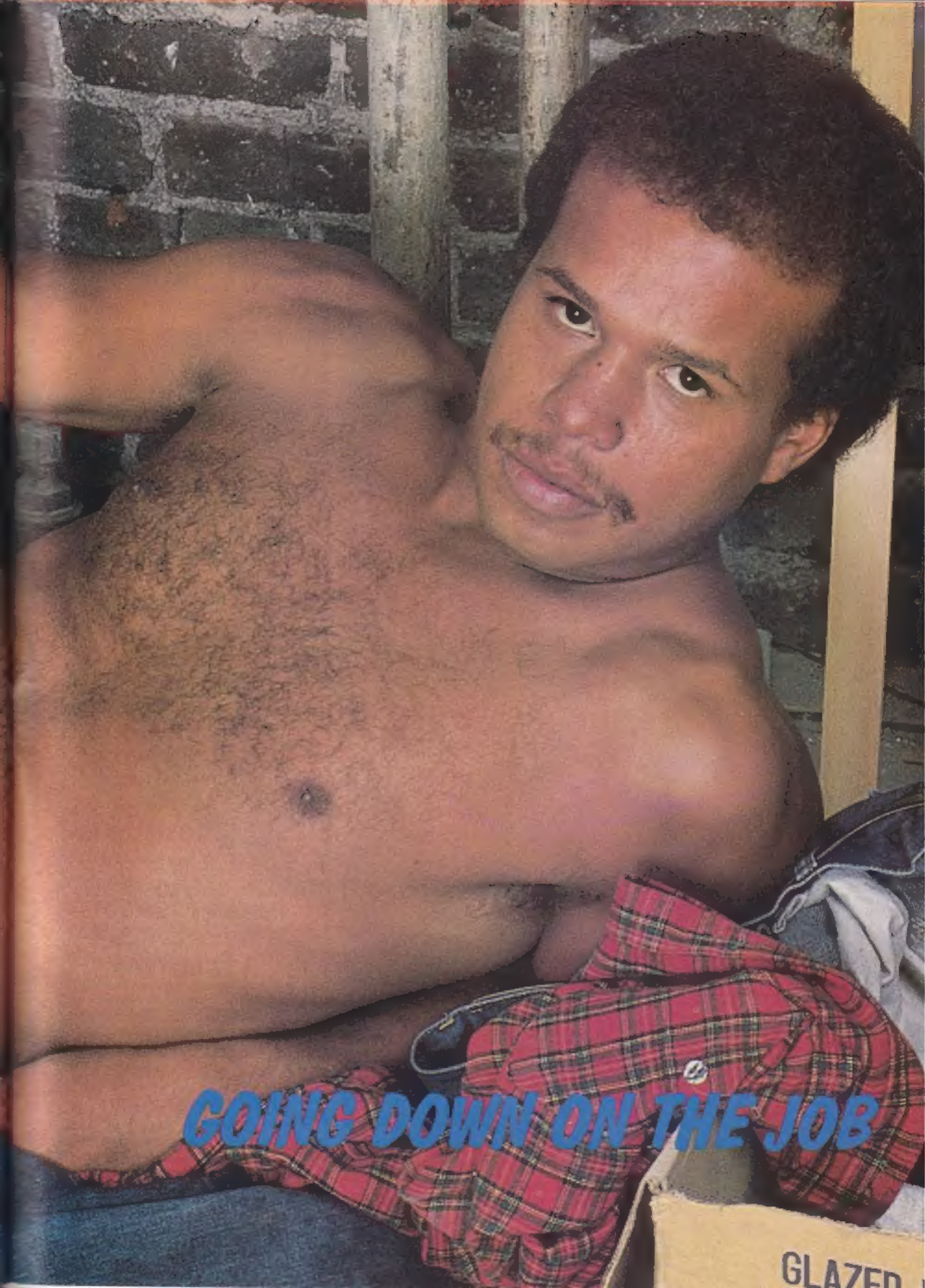
FIRE ISLAND S/M CAMP
Come learn or expand with Interchain Daddy/Top interested masters also may apply. A weekend or a week. Box 3024 GCS NYC 10163

GOING DOWN ON THE JOB

But he knows what all work and no play can do to a guy. Has not about to let that happen to him

Section photographed by Malexpress Studio.

GOING DOWN
ON THE JOB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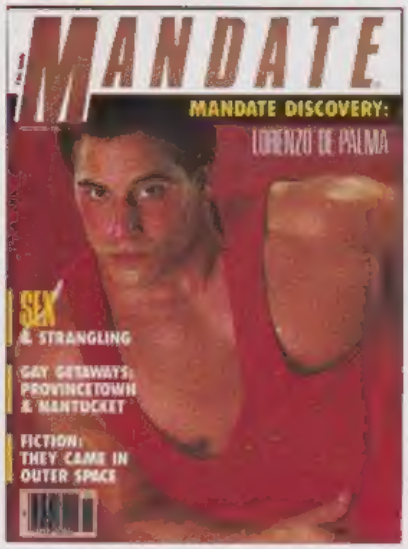

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